Eight ways to cut traffic deaths

BY SIDNEY KATZ

A mother's story: I tracked down my son's killer

THE LIVING MYSTERY OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 28 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Preparing for the Banff Winter Carnival





The Best Brews in the World come from Carlings

snappa cappa Red Cap

"the true Canadian ale"
with full-bodied flavour
CARLING'S RED CAP ALE

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Business conventions take to Seaway ships
- Plan to trap Banff Park's grouchy pet bears

NEW FASHION IN BUSINESS CONVENTIONS will be introduced after the Seaway opening. Groups of businessmen will charter ships to carry them up and down the new waterway while they trade secrets and get to know each other better. Two such floating conventions have already been booked on Canada Steamship Lines' Tadoussac for next June. For the private sightseer, Hemar Lines' Stella Maris will make weekly six and a half day round trips between Montreal and Rochester, starting May 9. Fare of $165 (which includes the $1 Seaway toll) will feature shipboard dances and use of the ship's swimming pool.

IF APPLIANCE DESIGNERS have their way, within five years you won't be able to tell which room in a house is the kitchen. Now on the drawing boards are ranges and refrigerators finished with walnut and maple panelling, modelled to resemble living room furniture.

THE CALIBRE OF CBC-TV stage crews—long a sore point with directors and performers—is on the upswing. Reason: the corporation has stopped hiring would-be actors as stagehands. has started going after ex-truckers, ex-merchant seamen. Still a problem: set noise. One solution that won't always work occurred recently when a real stagehand and acting student, John Nevette, actually got to play a stagehand in GM Theatre's A Face to Remember. "I realized," he says, "how hard it is for actors to concentrate with unnecessary noise."



STAGEHAND NEVETTE

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED those friendly bears in Alberta's National Parks (Jasper, Banff, Waterton Lakes) next summer because their contact with civilization has made too many of the parks' 900 bears too grouchy. The animals foraging in campsite garbage dumps will be caught in wheel-mounted culverts equipped with trap doors and carted back into remote areas. "The temper of the bears," Banff Park Superintendent G. H. L. Dempster told Maclean's, "generally varies with the number of people they contact. Wild bears create little trouble, but the animals fed on handouts can become a dangerous nuisance."

EXPECTANT MOTHERS for years have been scoffing at the ancient theory that what they see, hear and are frightened by during pregnancy may help to determine the kind of babies they'll have. Now there appears to be new scientific backing for the belief. **Dr. William R. Thompson**, a former McGill instructor now a psychology professor at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, investigated the effects of prenatal stress among rats and found that anxiety in the mother produced permanently nervous behavior in her offspring. The next research horizon: can a child be made more intellectually inclined if the expectant mother reads good books during pregnancy?



COLLINS: Stereo-ecstasy

CBC RADIO WILL REDOUBLE its audience-expansion efforts this year by presenting original stereophonic recordings of Canadian artists. The new process will introduce to listeners in eastern Canada Eleanor Collins, a Vancouver singer known to fellow musicians as Canada's Lena Horne. She'll be broadcast over CBC's two Toronto radio stations, with signals received by listeners simultaneously over two radios, but CBC hopes eventually to install "multiplexing"—a new technique that permits one station to transmit two signals.

YOUR KIDS MAY GET ON TV, if experiments started recently in Moncton are successful. CKCW-TV Moncton this month became the first Canadian station to carry Romper Room, a syndicated-format live kindergarten program that features a local teacher telling stories to alternating groups of local children. In the U.S., the show already has an estimated daily audience of four million. Unpredictable kids provide Romper Room's best moments. One youngster recently started disrobing to show classmates his appendix operation.



LAMPOONER LAPALME

NEW QUEBEC TIGER?

La Presse grows bolder



CRI SADER GAGNON

WHATEVER HAPPENS on Quebec's noisy political battleground in 1959 the newcomer who'll make the loudest rumble will be a newspaperman named Jean Louis Gagnon. In three months as the new editorial boss of Montreal's big, rich but gutsy-footed La Presse, Gagnon has turned the lobby into a tiger that has already:

- Raked Premier Maurice Duplessis and his cabinet for sluggish industrial development policies in some fields and give-aways in others.
- Blasted everybody who opposes metropolitan government for Montreal and failed city council for laggard snow removal methods.

Along with informed politicians of every stripe, the quarter-million readers of La Presse are scanning each edition for fresh signs that French Canada finally has a big paper that won't back down from a scrap. (Up till now, only Montreal's crusading Le Devoir has been outspoken in its municipal and provincial political coverage.) "We have," says Gagnon, "no party. We'll deal with issues. If one stand means fighting Premier Duplessis—or anybody else—we'll fight."

To add teeth to his fight, Gagnon has hired eleven of Quebec's best young newspapermen," opened three of seven planned news bureaus around the province and recruited Robert La Palme, Quebec's most scathing political cartoonist (who drew the accompanying caricature) away from Le Devoir. Gagnon predicts: "We'll be putting out a real national newspaper—the first French Canada has seen for a long time."

With La Presse remade by Gagnon's bulletin: the 45-year-old former boy wonder of French-Canadian journalism (editor-in-chief of Quebec's l'Evenement-Journal at 25) could easily become the most powerful political figure in Quebec, outside the legislature.—JEAN EDMAN

TINY AUTO RACE HEATS UP

How Big 3 plan push

BECAUSE it takes from eight to thirteen months to get a new car from prototype to showroom, the Big Three of auto making are already in the last stages of their primitive program to produce small models for the 1960 lines. Although each company has already spent more than $100 million on development, the final decision to go ahead has not yet been made. But it's one guess they'll all go.

Despite a wide variety of rumors, a fairly definite picture of the new vehicles has dribbled out of Detroit. Oshawa and Windsor. They'll all have 6-cylinder ninety-horse engines (25 miles to the gallon), carry a 2,500-lb. unit welded frame with a 106-113-in. wheelbase (3 feet shorter than the large models) and have big inside/small-outside bodies. **GM** has a new aluminum engine which may go in the cars; rear. **Chrysler** looks most like a European sports car. **Ford** is most conservative, being modeled on the English Fords, though three-s talk of a slightly bigger "small" version to follow with Thunderbird lines.

Prices without extras will be around $2,000.

With their small cars the Big Three hope to capitalize on the success of foreign car importers who increased their Canadian sales 50% last year, accounting for one out of every five new cars sold. They also have the example of Nash's small **Rambler** (with sales up 117% in the first three months of the current model year) and Studebaker's outdawn **Lark** (which has in 1959 already sold almost half as many vehicles as the company's entire 1958 production).

Meanwhile Canadian importers of foreign cars expect to increase their 1959 sales. France's **Renault** (already a second place among imports in the U.S.) plans to invade the Canadian market in earnest and sell at least 7,000 cars here in the next twelve months.—CAROL CHAPMAN

WAR ON GOBBLEOYGOOK

Ottawa's cliché clean-up

MUCH OF THE federal government's correspondence is written in ponderous gobbledygook that infuriates the citizen trying to decipher its meaning. Adding fuel to the fire of an official new Civil Service Editorial Style Manual—the first in twenty years—will eliminate at least some of the confusion.

The book will recommend simple substitutes for six of the favourite Civil Service phrases:

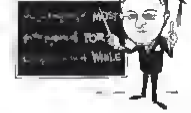
The great majority of	MOST
At an earlier date	PREVIOUSLY
During the course of	WHILE
The question as to whether	WHETHER
Along the lines of	LIKE
For the purpose of	FOR

The style guide is being prepared by amateur grammarian John Ottram, a customs concert pianist who is now assistant to the deputy minister of national defense. Ottram believes that a bilingual person is much more interested in the miracles of language than a monolingual, he himself spoke Welsh before learning English.

The guide's chapter on grammar includes the dozen words most commonly misspelled by Ottawa. They are:

ADMINISTERED	HARASS
ADMINISTRATION	EMBARRASS
ENCOURAGEMENT	DISAPPOINT
OBSTACLE	UNPARALLELED
VICINITY	PARAFFIN
BAREFOOT	ACCOMMODATE

When the list was first sprung on Ottram, he got three wrong—"desirable," "muscular" and "silly." Get someone to call them out to test your own spelling.—PETER STURRERS



BETTER ENGLISH BY OTTRAM

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA
WITH BLAIR FRASER

The facts and myths about lobbies



PRIME MINISTER DIEFENBAKER got a hearty round of applause when, speaking of the Avro Arrow, he said "Lobbies will have no effect on the decision this government makes." In general, he had found that "the stronger the lobby, the weaker the argument."

Conservative MPs pounded their desks, and even the opposition nodded approvingly—to all parties "lobby" is a dirty word. A few days later Arthur Smith the young Conservative who sits for Calgary South got some favorable notice when he suggested that Canada, like the United States might well require lobbyists to register as such and to disclose their principals and their sources of income.

Smith is a relative newcomer to parliament first elected in June 1957 but even in that brief time he has seen a many-fold increase in the amount of lobbying in Ottawa.

"It is not always recognizable" he says. "The lobbyist uses the most respectable title he can command—lawyer or public relations expert or advertising account executive or member of the press. I happen to know one man who is setting up offices in Ottawa right now. He's a public relations counsel but his main function here will be to direct a pert quiet lobby for a particular pressure group. He says it pays a lot better than ordinary PR work.

The collective noun "lobby," according to Webster, denotes persons not members of a legislative body who strive to influence its proceedings by personal agency." As a verb it means "to address or solicit members of a legislative body in the lobby or elsewhere with intent to influence legislation. These words conjure up in the public mind a sinister figure—a man whose function is to bribe bully or blarney members of parliament into doing his client's will and whose professional skill is to know which members are most amenable to this treatment.

"I am appalled to discover what businessmen think about the government" said a man who returned to private business not long ago after a distinguished career in the civil service. "They believe the way to get a new tariff in Ottawa is to know the right person and grease the right palm. They don't know who this wizard in but they think I do—after all I took at the years I spent in my old department. When I try to tell them he doesn't exist, they think I'm just holding out on them."

The facts about lobbying in Ottawa are less sensational. If Art Smith's suggestion were adopted and all lobbyists compelled to register, some unexpected names might turn up on the list.

In all matters relating to temperance and the use of alcoholic beverages there is no doubt which is the most powerful lobby—not the Dominion Brewers Association but the United Church of Canada. On any legislation connected with Indians or Eskimos the Oblate Fathers are a more formidable lobby than say the Hudson's Bay Company. MPs say the best-organized lobby they can remember was put on during the past year by humane societies like the SPCA campaigning for a law to humane slaughter by meat packers.

Of course it is the special strength of groups like these that they have no direct material interest in the case or actions they urge. However this cannot be said about another powerful lobby, perhaps the best of them all—the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. CFA president H. H. Hannam is not to get the best deal he possibly can for the Canadian farmer and to that end he maintains very close and friendly relations with the federal Department of Agriculture. The same attempt is made in the metropolitan places though rather less successfully by the Canadian Labor Congress, the Canadian Manufacturers Association, the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. Indeed by most of the thirty-odd national associations to be found in the yellow pages of the Ottawa telephone book, and by many others like them in Toronto and Montreal.

Among the hundred and fifty lawyers practising in Ottawa probably more than half do a certain amount of "parliamentary work" as they call it. A law firm do almost nothing else. "Parliamentary work" is quite different from the ordinary practice of law and in fact is done by many people who are not lawyers at all. It really consists of guidance through the jungles of bureaucracy and politics, to the right man who knows what the client wants to know or can do what he wants to be done.

There is nothing terribly sinister about this. Industrial counselors here can earn good fees from satisfied clients merely by knowing them way around the government service. They can often get results in a matter of hours by going directly to the right man for which an unstructured client might labor for days.

It would be silly to deny, though that good connections make a difference. When the Liberals were in power a great deal of "parliamentary work" went to lawyers who were prominent in the National Liberal Federation. Nowadays these men get markedly less and then Progressive Conservative colleagues get markedly more. What they provide is not so much a service as an entrée.

Once about twelve years ago when the rush of immigration from Europe was still new, a friend of mine asked if I could find out what was delaying the admission of an elderly relative. I telephoned to the deputy minister of immigration explained that this was a personal enquiry asked if he could find out without too much trouble just where this particular case stood. He called back before long to say there was no impediment just the rush of work and that the visa would come through in due course.

In fact it came through within a few days. A long time afterward I found out why. The deputy hadn't asked for any favor, but the mere fact that he had sent for this particular file was enough to promote it to the top of the heap. And the friend who told me this also told me that an out-of-town lawyer who happened to be a member of the senate, charged a fairly handsome fee for exactly the same "service".

This is not lobbying in any of the dictionary meanings of the word but it gives an idea of the sort of thing a lobbyist can do. For any person or delegation seeking to put a case to the government a friendly introduction is a help.

Many of these delegations are welcome spoonered or not for what they have to say it is useful to the government. For three months before every budget the minister of finance and his senior officials spend a large part of their working day receiving delegations on tax matters. Often the same delegations turn up year after year with technical problems of corporate tax often. The good ones never waste time trying to get special favors or press unreasonable demands they concentrate on suggesting how the tax law can be improved and their counsel is highly valued.

There are always others, not so wise, whose hope is to put something over. Perhaps from time to time some of them succeed — but ministers very quickly become experts and cynics in detecting these pleas axe to grind.

It is not the lobby wants to sell is not an idea but a product. The approach is a little different though the principle is the same.

But if that is all there is to lobbying, what made the prime minister so angry? And why did all parliament applaud when he poured scorn upon lobbies and all that works?

What really annoys politicians is not the lobby in itself, but the lengths to which some lobbies go. The thing most furiously resented in any attempt to go over the government's head, or behind its back and appeal directly to public opinion. This of course doesn't apply to disinterested campaigns (say, the case against capital punishment) or for recognition of Red China) but it does apply to any campaign for direct material advantage—especially if the question in one's favor rapert judgment. A sudden outburst of well-written letters to the editor, news stories that seem to make the lobby's version of the case factual, suspiciously timely editorials or public statements — these things tend to become boomerangs.

Would any law prevent them though? Almost certainly not. Some three thousand lobbyists have registered in Washington since the U.S. law on lobbies was passed in 1946 but an estimated ten thousand more are operating outside the law—and no decrease has been seen in the lobbyists' real influence. Even Art Smith doesn't claim any revolutionary effect for a Canadian law. But he says,

"I do think it would be helpful to MPs if when they were approached they had some understanding of the nature of the pressure group the relation between the lobby and the pressure group and the fact that the lobbyist is as paid employee. ★



Friendly introductions help, but lobbyists seldom change laws.

BACKSTAGE WITH STRATFORD

Shakespeare festival's tensest drama: who won't come and why

SOME OF the most dramatic moments of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival were acted out long before the official announcement that "big name" imports this year will be limited to U.K. actress Irene Worth and British director Peter Wood. The abrupt and serious illness of Festival Director Michael Langham left plans indefinite until only a month before tickets went on sale and resulted in night wanks of inked hunting as frantic as a chase in a bad TV western.

Rex Harrison, the star of My Fair Lady, was approached to play Iago in Othello, but due to the agreements even his co-star was later temperarily cast as Antony in Antony and Cleopatra. His agent to come only if Peter Glenville were hired to direct him. Glenville had a previous commitment so Harrison declined. Other actors who were approached but said "no": Sir John Gielgud (who may come in 1960 or '61); Sir Alec Guinness, Peter Ustinov, Jason Robards Jr., Eileen Herlie and Julie Harris.

"Name" directors who were asked to come, but pleaded other commitments or demanded stars who were not available included New York's Jose Quintero, London's Peter Hall and Peter Brook and Tyrone Guthrie (the Festival's first director). Tanya Moiseiwasch, the talented designer whose work highlighted many of Stratford's performances won't be back either.

This summer's twelve-week season will feature Othello and As You Like It, despite a shower of requests from Ontario elementary school students asking for Macbeth because it's on their curriculum this year. Onn group of Port Dover, Ont. students even offered to walk to the Festival to see Macbeth—BARBARA MOON.



GIELGUD HARRISON

Most stars went elsewhere

Backstage WITH CALL GIRLS / Survey reveals few frills with business

MANY CANADIANS who heard Edward R. Murrow's recent CBS broadcast blaming that call girls are paid by some U.S. business firms to soften up prospective buyers wondered whether a comparable situation exists in Canada. A survey of big cities by Maclean's correspondents reveals that it is a call girl trade in this country but it is not on an organized basis and business firms are seldom directly involved.

In Toronto a pert 23 year-old call girl told Maclean's "I work on a free-lance model for fur and garment firms. I sometimes take out as many as two or three jobs a day. The boss office asks me to go out with an important buyer and to be nice to him." Fee for such service: $25 to $100. She claimed her weekly savings after expenses, average $150.

Although exact estimates are impossible there appear to be scores of girls like this one. Some of the girls subscribe to a telephone answering service so they don't lose any business. One Toronto hotel discovered that one of their permanent residents had a string of twelve girls — mostly models and dancing instructors — whom he "peddled" in the bar and lounge.

Large numbers of Montreal call girls operate from plush apartments charging anywhere from $20 to $200. "Things have never been so good," said one 26 year old blonde who has bought herself a beauty parlor business as old age security. Since they find contact by telephone is relatively "inoffensive," many law-abiding girls have been attracted to the business. The girls interviewed during the survey that business firms keep call girls on their regular payrolls. "If they do, they've got holes in their heads" said one of them. "There's no shortage of girls in this city."

Vancouver's Deputy Police Chief Gordon Ambrose believes that there are about fifty regular call girls in his city but that their ranks are increased on weekends by "moonlighters" — married women and working girls — who cater to a select clientele. Reland Bewman, deputy city prosecutor handles all the call girl racket as extensive and lucrative."

In Edmonton some public relations officers have been entertaining visiting executives by obtaining call girls. This in done on an intermittent ice for service basis.

Things were much livelier a few years ago when a businessman could wire ahead to certain hotels and have a girl waiting for him by the time his plane landed.

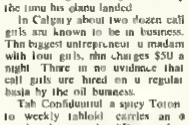
In Calgary about two dozen call girls are known to be in business. The biggest entrepreneur a madam with four girls, who charges $50 a night. There is no evidence that call girls are hired on a regular basis by the oil business.

For an extra $5 you can get Saskatchewan places numbering from one to 1000 but there's a long waiting list. The provincial doctors have 1881 to 1999 reserved for them in B.C. since 1925 the first three thousand numbers have been reserved for museum who apply for them with automatic option of renewal.

Nova Scotia complies to the extent of issuing 2000 numbers. Manitoba has stated numbers Mrs. Abbie Lanu a radio commentator has 31829 her phone number.

In Manitoba car drivers get new plates only every five years and those who apply within twenty days of the start of registration can hang on to the same number all their lives. A1 has belonged since 1910 to the Bunn family, descendants of the founder of one of Winnipeg's first car agencies. Premier Duff Roblin has had 1A6 since he first owned a car.

Alberta will issue for the first time this year special plates to the province's six hundred farm radio operators bearing the call letters of their transmitters. Ontario has no official policy on special plates but some get them through long association. John Bassett, publisher of the Toronto Telegram gets B2000.



LOVE BY TELEPHONE:
Big trade—but no cartels

Background

NEW SEAWAY READING

Canada's crowns and-coronets coming-out party (by grand opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway is being heralded by half a dozen books:

The St. Lawrence Seaway Story (Macmillan) by Lionel Chevrin is which former Liberal Seaway boss recaps anxious years of negotiation with the U.S. **The St. Lawrence Seaway** (Ryerson) by T. L. Hills, McGill geography prof. deals with history geography and technical problems the political and economic consequences. **St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Projects** (Rand & Boulton) by Gordon Mennes a reference book containing legislation toll structures, maps, diagrams and harbor specifications. **The St. Lawrence** (Oxford) by William Toye a narrative history of the river. Two juvenilers about the waterway and a picture book by Hans Van Der Aa the official Seaway Authority photographer round out the list.

THE HAPPY DOGS

Humane Societies which once gratefully handed out animals to anyone willing to give them a home are getting almost as choosy as childless adoption agencies. Officials of the Society's Toronto branch now make unexpected calls on homes which have been given a pet, and if they discover abuses, take it back. Cats are no longer handed out if they're to be used for mousing (the buyer is inclined to starve the animal). To soothe the nerves of dogs awaiting adoption organ music is piped into the kennels of the Society's head quarters after meals.

HULA HOOP STRETCHERS

The fading hula hoop lad is finding new converts among northern Ontario Indians. They're using the brightly colored toys as substitutes for the willow hoops traditionally used to stretch beaver pelts.

OUR LAGGARD TRAINS

Economists claim the railways are as important to Canada as the roads were to the Roman Empire but according to a recent survey our trains remain among the slowest in the Western world. France has the fastest. Its cross-country Mistral is over twice as fast as the CPR's Canadian which averages 41 mph on its Vancouver to Montreal run. In a table of normal mainline operational speeds Canada ranks eleventh just after Belgium, Italy and Sweden.

OBIT FOR THE SACK

The sudden end by most municipalities of the sack and chemise last year left many dress manufacturers holding unsalable merchandise. But Canada's bellmakers are delighted. They're turning out especially wide bells in which they claim can turn a sack into the loosely fitted look" which was emphasized in the recent showing of new fashions in Paris.

Backstage
WITH LICENSE PLATES



MOTORIST DIEFENBAKER
He won VIP plate derby

MOST OF Canada's five-and a half million drivers unquestionably accept the 1959 plates hauled to them at license bureaus across the country. But every year a determined minority demand — and get — special numbers that incorporate everything from their phone listings to former army regimental numbers and if they're numerologists, digits that won't clash with the gamin of their fate.

The most partisan motorists are members of Ottawa's diplomatic corps. The Turkish ambassador, dean of the city's diplomatic corps by virtue of his length of his stay in Canada monopolized last year that he got out the U.K. high commissioner should have received Ontario license CD-1. The year let the first three the diplomats run being issued special maroon diplomatic plates. (The Ontario government meanwhile had eliminated the nonsolicitous CD-1 and started the diplomatic series at CD 145 the Turkish ambassador got first crack.)

A special block of Ontario licenses is set aside for other Ottawa VIPs with Prime Minister Diefenbaker getting 2000—the first in the series—and other cabinet ministers following him according to privy council seniority. Only the cars of Governor-General Massey and the provincial lieutenant governors require no licenses they usually just bear a crown and in some cases the car carries only a flag.

Quebec in the only province to issue its own diplomatic plates marked DPI. The province issues numbers without special favors following the irregularities revealed in a 1954 investigation of reserved "under 2000 licenses." In New Brunswick Premier Hugh John Flemming has a plate that goes had 5000.

For an extra $5 you can get Saskatchewan places numbering from one to 1000 but there's a long waiting list. The provincial doctors have 1881 to 1999 reserved for them in B.C. since 1925 the first three thousand numbers have been reserved for museum who apply for them with automatic option of renewal.

Nova Scotia complies to the extent of issuing 2000 numbers. Manitoba has stated numbers Mrs. Abbie Lanu a radio commentator has 31829 her phone number.

In Manitoba car drivers get new plates only every five years and those who apply within twenty days of the start of registration can hang on to the same number all their lives. A1 has belonged since 1910 to the Bunn family, descendants of the founder of one of Winnipeg's first car agencies. Premier Duff Roblin has had 1A6 since he first owned a car.

Alberta will issue for the first time this year special plates to the province's six hundred farm radio operators bearing the call letters of their transmitters. Ontario has no official policy on special plates but some get them through long association. John Bassett, publisher of the Toronto Telegram gets B2000.

Editorial

Time for Ottawa to stop fighting the last election

Last year and the year before it was understandable that our politicians couldn't get used to their new status. The Liberals had been so long in charge, they had a hard time realizing that the country was actually attempting to struggle along without their expert guidance. The Conservatives had the opposite trouble — they couldn't quite realize that they were running things at last. From time to time this was a little unsettling, as if the driver of a high speed bus were to cry out, "Who's driving?," but it was inevitable after twenty-two years, and no doubt a good thing for the country.

This year though, the new regime is nearing its second anniversary. The Conservatives have reason to believe that they made their point, and convinced the people last March that a large variety of unpleasant things were all the Liberals' fault. They persuaded enough voters to win the biggest majority in history, a clear mandate to do whatever they think best, and four peaceful years to do it in without the tribulations of an election. It seems fair to suggest that the time has now come for getting on with the job, instead of proving all over again that the Grits are to blame for whatever ails us. Maybe they are, or were, but what's to be done now?

We are moved to these reflections by reading the speeches of various cabinet ministers in and outside the House of Commons. One of them spent forty fascinating minutes rebutting some long-forgotten speeches by Hazen Argue, house leader of the CCF. (Said Argue, happily: "Nobody has paid this much attention to me for years.") The rest have concentrated on the Liberals, either to prove them guilty of everything wrong with the country, or else to reproach them for not putting forward a positive policy.

This seems to us a waste of time. No party in opposition can draw up "a positive policy" in any detail. To do so, a lot more facts and a lot more help are required than a party out of office can command. The opposition's role is that of critic not creator. To the question "What would you do to solve this or that problem?" it is a perfectly fair reply to say: "It's not our job to solve it. We can advise you and second-guess you and heckle you, but the power to run the country is not ours. It's yours."

Conservatives will get the credit for the good things that happen to Canada in the next four years. They will have to take the blame for the bad things. The sooner they face these facts, and stop trying to make a legacy out of every difficulty, the better for them and for Canada.

Mailbag

- Protests calling the English "British born"
- Should Jimmy Hoffa help the Queen open the Seaway?
- Send our Eskimos to Greenland, the RCMP to Hollywood

IT DISTURBS ME to think that I should need to straighten you people out on matters of simple protocol. A person from England is English, a person from Wales is Welsh, a person from Canada is Canadian, and consequently to refer to someone as being British born leaves considerable confusion in many minds as to whether you are at. Implying to cover up his Canadian ignorance by implying he is from England or centrally to pinpoint his English intelligence by implying he is from Canada.—ROBERT A. CHAMBERLAIN, VANCOUVER.

Who won the strike?

Your editorial in the Jan. 31 issue on the strike at International Nickel's Sudbury properties sneers at the intelligence of the great majority of workers there who voted by secret ballot for strike action. The workers in Sudbury know they have won a victory in a battle forced on them by the Company, a victory that cannot be measured alone in immediate monetary gains but one that will pay off for years to come. The workers are also aware of their democratic rights in Mine, Mill to elect their officers in secret referendum and to vote for strike in the same manner. They will not hand over these rights to make their own decisions either to the employers or the editor of Maclean's.—WILLIAM LONGRIDGE, SECRETARY TREASURER, INTERNATIONAL UNION OF MINE, MILL AND SMELTER WORKERS.

Unfair to Hoffa!

May I draw attention to a serious violation of protocol which seems likely to occur in the arrangements for the ceremonial opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway? While there will be places of



honour for our precious Queen, Prince Philip, President Eisenhower and our own Prime Minister, there appears as yet to be no provision made for Jimmy Hoffa. How come? Surely the importance of the man who can close the Seaway is as great as those who open it? No doubt the Teamsters will make sure that future mistakes of this kind will not occur. When they have organized the Civil Service, the Army and the RCMP, they will ensure that Mr. Hoffa is accorded the respect due him. Maybe there are other things due to him too. Perhaps some of them are long overdue.—JOHN D. WITCUELL, QUEBEC CITY.

★ Canadian labor and Canadian industry must be subject to Canadian law and policies only, and not subject to the whims of either U.S. labor or John Foster Dulles and Company. God speed the day when all Canadians are free to determine their own destiny.—OSBERT C. HUNTER, VERNON, B.C.

The ordeals of Kikik

After reading the terrible story of Kikik [Jan. 31] and of the unbelievable stupidity, insensitivity and inhumanity of the Canadians involved (with two honorable exceptions) there would seem to be only two things to do. First, ship the remnants of our Eskimo tribes to Greenland where they will be properly looked after by the enlightened, experienced inhabitants and where they would have a chance of survival which, apparently they haven't got in Canada. Second, send the RCMP on indefinite leave to Hollywood.—P. LOCKWOOD, WESTON, ONT.



★ Mowat's narration is one that should be a part of the phenomenal history of this country, and will live long after the reported details of the criminal case associated with it are forgotten, and all the principals have passed on.—JOHN H. BLOCK, MACKLIN, SASK.

★ May Mr. Mowat's plain prose continue to be used to present appeals for so many of the helpless and less fortunate among us—the jobless, the old and lonely, even the homeless—until as a nation we become fully aware that the greatest worth or value of any nation lies in its people.—MRS. EDNA BORNERT, HAILEYBURY, ONT.

★ I should like Mr. Mowat to know that Eskimo women do not abandon their children when they bury them with so much care in the snow. When absolutely necessary in the survival of any of the family they leave them in the care of three gods: the snow god who provides them with homes, the wind god who is not very dependable—sometimes revering them (tanks with snow or burying their houses and stores, but also sometimes protecting them from their enemies) and the great God above who is obeyed by the other gods. The parents pray to these gods as they cover their children with snow, and then walk away into the wind so wild animals get only their scent. Children have been said to semi-hibernate until the spring thaw when the wind god lets the snow bury them deeper.—DOROTHY FULLER, KENTVILLE, N.S.

★ In a country justifiably proud of its philanthropy in distributing largesse to peoples of under-developed countries, the peculiar oversight whereby this event could and did occur on its own doorstep requires a great deal of explanation.—J. P. SCOTT, REGINA, SASK. ★

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T MISS



1—Hinn's the *slide control* that you set for automatic cooking on the G-E thermostatically controlled Calrod element; eliminates pot watching.
2.—*General Electric* Pushbutton Controls are conveniently located on the rear-mounted control panel—out of children's reach. There are five heats—from simmer to high—for each element. And there's a colored light at the bank of each key on the panel to show which element is on—at what heat.
3—This is the control that you set for your automatic *Meat Thermometer*.
4.—The *Octi Timer* turns the oven 'on' and 'off' automatically—the *Minute Timer* is a precise alarm which can be set to buzz at the end of any time period up to one hour—an invaluable help for just right surface cooking.

COOK EVERYTHING PERFECTLY



Exclusive G-E Meat Thermometer pinpoints eliminates all the guess work from roasting meat. And an simple to use—just insert probe into the roast, set the dial for rare, medium, well done or in-between. When the roast is done *exactly* the way you like it, a buzzer sounds.

Only General Electric has the automatic Calrod element—another feature that makes automatic cooking so easy. All you do is set your control and when food comes to a boil the element *automatically* adjusts to the proper cooking temperature. Eliminates over-boilings and spoilings.

The giant size G-E Oven cooks a full meal for 24 people all at one time! You get 10% more shelf space than many standard ovens—Pyrosol bowl broilers and the first right to the heart of the food. The result is cooking perfection every time — without over-heated kitchen.



Model RJD 365

AUTOMATICALLY

The General Electric 30" Range has the new straight line design to give your kitchen a built-in look. A window in the oven door, together with an outside switch for the oven light, lets you see what's cooking—without disturbing cakes, pies, roasts. Cook with electricity—cook on the beautiful new G-E Range—it's safer, cooler, cleaner, more economical. See your G-E dealer and ask about the 24 inch, 30-inch and 40 inch ranges. In Mix-or-Match colors of Canary Yellow, Turquoise, White.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

30" RANGE

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT du MAURIER

FILTER TIP



● Its exclusive "Millecel" Filter Tip is the most effective filter yet developed . . . a filter that guarantees extra filtered mildness, *extra* smoking pleasure.

● du MAURIER's twin-foil packs preserve freshness to the very last cigarette — its distinctive package is flat, compact and convenient.

● du MAURIER cigarettes are firmly packed for finer, longer lasting smoking pleasure.

THE TREND TODAY . . . IS TO

du MAURIER

A Really Milder High Grade Virginia Cigarette

MACLEAN'S

Ralph Allen
Editor

Leslie F. Hannon
Managing Editor

John Clare, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders
Associate Editors

Blair Fraser
Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors

N. O. Benisteel, Peter Gzowski, Eric Hutton, Ken Lefolii,
Barbara Moon, Peter C. Newman, Mi Kentle Porter

Gene Allcutt
Art Director

Raymond English
Asst. Art Director

Jack Olsen
Photo Editor

Editorial Assistants

Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Shirley E. Mah, Joan Weatherseed, Barbara West

Stanley L. Hutchings
Advertising Mgr

B. Anthony Lawless
Circulation Mgr

Roy F. McKenzie
Advertising Production Mgr.

C. J. Laurie Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2 CANADA

CONTENTS

VOLUME 72 FEBRUARY 28, 1959 NUMBER 5

PREVIEW: French Canada gets another crusading newspaper / Ottawa moves to eliminate clichés / Small car surfeit? 1

BACKSTAGE. The facts and myths about government lobbies 2
What didn't happen at Stratford / Canada's call-girl trade 3

EDITORIAL and **MAILBAG** 4

ARTICLES

Eight ways to cut traffic deaths. Sidney Katz 13
The living mystery of the Rockies. Marjorie Earl 16
The day I saw the Rockies' secret. Bruce Hutchison 19
Famous families at home: The Franklin Arbuckles. Barbara Moon 20
Panzé: their world is the oyster. Kee Johnstone 23
How I found the man who killed my son.
Lamelle Perreault as told to Ken Lefolii 24
Mike Wardell's tempestuous love affair with the Maritimes. Lawrence Earl 26

DEPARTMENTS

For the sake of argument. Religious beliefs must not shackle human welfare. N. I. Berrill 6
London letter. What the weather does to Englishmen. Beverley Baxter 15
Sweet & sour page 28 Maclean's movies page 28 Jasper page 45
Parade page 56

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Credits are listed left to right, by pages. 8 Hugh Kerr; 10 Miller Services / 12 Niagara Falls Public Dept. Tourist / Ivan Emery / Fraser; 14, Niagara Falls Public Dept. Jack Mitchell; Ian Lindsay Fraser; 20 (both) / 21 Tom Hanson; 22-23, Hazel Zann; 24, Tim Tate, Allen Fisher / 25, Ali Palter; 26, Miller Services, (all 3 cuts) London Express News / 56, Allen Fisher



THE COVER

Franklin Arbuckle — who portrayed these Banff youngsters portraying an icy bear for their town's annual Winter Carnival, February 28 to March 1— is also the illustrator of two stories in this issue and the subject of a third: see pages 15 through to 21

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board; Floyd S. Chalmers, President; Donald F. Hunter, Vice President and Managing Director. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office, 1202 Pine Street, Montreal 2, Canada. Branch Offices: 1050 West Georgia St., Vancouver 5; 32 E. 57th St., New York 22; Great Britain, Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 11 Stratton St., London, W. C. 1. Single copies, 25c. Subscription prices, in Canada, 1 year $4.00, 2 years $7.00, 3 years $10.00. All other countries $6.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright 1959 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for return. The publishers will not be responsible for loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.



From Canada BOAC's Comet 4s provide the only "pure" jet passenger service to Britain.

. . . so swift it even leaves the noise behind!

At over 8 miles a minute, BOAC's Comet 4 flies so swiftly that even the sound of its four mighty Rolls Royce jet engines is scarcely heard. Now on regularly scheduled flights from Montreal and New York to London, it will soon be flying to the Far East and Australia.

But BOAC is not only the Comet 4! Giant jet-prop Britannias and swift DC-7Cs also offer you the finest value in air travel today. Aboard any of these three airliners you enjoy a special blend of comfort, good food and personal attention that is supreme in the skies.

And remember—it costs no more to fly BOAC! So ask your Travel Agent or Railway Ticket Office *now* for full details of BOAC's world-wide routes and de Luxe, First Class, Tourist and Economy services.

World leader in jet travel

B·O·A·C

takes good care of you

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER



Awaiting your pleasure

Savour the refreshing taste of 'Black & White'. Enjoy the feeling of comfort and well-being that warms you. Here indeed is a Scotch Whisky to cherish!

From Scotland every precious drop

'Black & White' has a distinctive character and unvarying flavor. See what pleasure awaits you with 'Black & White' Scotch Whisky.

The Secret is in the Blending

The finest of individual Scotch Whiskies are blended with special care and skill by experts to bring you and your guests 'Black & White'. You will find the result magnificent. 'Black & White' is distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Comes in several sizes.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen — Scotch Whisky Distillers, James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

6-38M

For the sake of argument



N. J. BERRILL SAYS

Religious beliefs mustn't shackle human welfare

The religious beliefs of parents must not be allowed to damage the health or endanger the lives of children. The recent cases where members of the Jehovah's Witness sect refused permission for blood transfusions to be given when physicians deemed it necessary have brought the matter to urgent public attention. Courts have ruled in favor of the child, though in one instance too late, and the ruling seems popularly acceptable. Nearly everyone agrees that it is wrong to withhold a standard lifesaving procedure such as blood transfusion from anyone in need of it, particularly when the person in need is a helpless infant or is a minor who cannot legally make the decision for himself. Only the Witnesses and fellow believers object. Why? Are their beliefs well grounded? In an issue of this sort does it make any difference what the parental opinion may be?

Children are a privilege

The answer, through the years, has been increasingly a denial of parental authority over the growth and welfare of children except in so far as parents and state are in agreement. Children must go to school whether parents like it or not. Children whose parents neglect to feed and clothe them according to accepted standards may be placed in institutions. Society in fact says that children must be kept in a healthy state of growth both in mind and body until they are old enough to be considered adults responsible for themselves. Parents, in other words, produce children and raise them as a privilege in trust, and not with any property rights or true ownership. Theirs is the right to enable a child to develop his full stature as a person never to stint it or stunt it or spoil it, let alone to refuse aid on his behalf when the issue is life or death.

The Jehovah's Witnesses on the whole are simple folk who sincerely believe that they alone hold the truth and that all other Christian churches, Protestant and Catholic alike, are misguided by Satan. Their attitude to blood transfusions is based on a very literal though broad interpretation of certain statements in the Old Testament prohibiting the eating of blood and to them transfusion is essentially just that. To most of us it seems a silly superstition. Biblical injunctions are generally taken with a certain amount of latitude. And Jehovah's Witnesses, being a minority sect, we find little trouble in disregarding their views when a child's life is at stake, even though to them it may mean the difference between paradise and final destruction for the child and themselves. Yet both public opinion and the law are right in putting a higher value on a young life than on the beliefs of parents, although we are not entitled to feel smug or self-righteous in doing so. Our own enlightenment is only too recent, for this feeling about blood runs wide and deep in human history.

Blood is the stream of life, often the life itself, to most primitive peoples and not so long ago this was the common belief everywhere, as the phrases "blood brothers" and "blood relatives" indicate. The essential spirit or soul was either in the blood or was the blood itself, and blood was accordingly both sacred and not to be consumed or contaminated.

Superstitious segregation

The legacy of this belief has come down to modern times in one form or another, and it is only since the physiological function of the blood as a circulating fluid concerned with the respiration and the general maintenance of the body has come to be understood that we have been able to look upon it in a more impersonal way. Even so the feeling runs so deep that during the war especially blood from Negro donors has been kept separate from that of white because of this ancient inbred fear. **continued on page 44**

PROFESSOR BERRILL IS CHAIRMAN OF MCGILL'S DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY



THE REWARDING YEARS

HERE IN THIS HOLIDAY WORLD of their own making, a stimulating world of travel and new friends, they know the years ahead should be richer still.

Life has taken on new purpose, new vigour, since he placed his investments in stocks, bonds and real estate, with The Royal Trust for management. Now he is free from the *burdens* of property management while enjoying the *benefits*—income, security, a refreshing lightness of spirit.

With the help of The Royal Trust and his legal adviser, he has arranged for the eventual purchase by his sons of a controlling interest in the small business he founded.

His wife need never face the future alone; his providence and the trust company's continuing services will assure her security and peace of mind.

The Royal Trust offers *you* the experienced, understanding guidance you need to plan and provide wisely for the future—to make the years ahead the *rewarding* years, for yourself and your family.

THE
ROYAL TRUST
COMPANY



"Suppose my income had been crippled too..."



Crippled by Heart Attack, He's Still Paid, Protected

"Last year I had just been made sales manager of our company when I suffered a severe heart attack. I've been totally disabled ever since. But I'm still getting $150 every month *and* free life insurance, thanks to a suggestion from my Confederation Life man.

"He recommended that I include a Disability Income Benefit in my $15,000 Confederation Life policy. And as a result, I get a cheque for $150 every month while I'm totally disabled—until I reach 65. My $15,000 life insurance continues in force with Confederation paying the premiums. If I'm still disabled at 65, I'll receive the full $15,000 in cash or an income. That's what I call proper protection for *any* busy man!"

Of the hundreds of persons receiving Total Disability Monthly Income Benefits from Confederation Life, these are the most common causes:

• Mental or Nervous Trouble	30%
• Heart or Arterial Condition	24%
• Pulmonary Ailments	19%
• Digestive Troubles	7%
• Arthritis, Rheumatism	4%
• Accidents and Other Causes	16%

PROTECT THE ONES YOU LOVE. CONSULT

Confederation Life
ASSOCIATION

Send for Free Booklet *What About Disability?*"

Confederation Life Association,
321 Bloor Street East, Toronto 5

Please send me your Free Booklet entitled "What About Disability?"

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY PROV

MY BIRTH DATE (Month) (Day) (Year)

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What the weather does to Englishmen

The giant pear tree in my garden is like a skeleton with a dozen wrinkled arms. A solitary sparrow twitters to itself and then flies away into the overhanging mist. The people on the street walk quickly with their coat collars turned up to protect them from the wind which slaps at their laces like a wet rag.

What have the morning newspapers to tell us? Here are some actual quotes from the newspaper which lies on my writing desk.

"Liverpool air pollution from the fogs was ten times the normal amount and could be fatal to chest sufferers." — *Medical Officer of Health*

"We have had so many reports of minor road crashes that we have stopped counting them."— *Automobile Association Official*

"The blizzards which swept across southwest England and South Wales turned beauty spots into Arctic wastes." — *Royal Automobile Club*

"Villagers at Braemore, Cathness, who have been isolated for 13 days by snowdrifts, in places 15 to 20 feet high, cheered yesterday as three men broke through the final barrier bringing urgently needed foodstuffs. One of the men said: 'Conditions were atrocious and we had to struggle our way up to our waists in drifts so deep that our heads touched the telegraph wires.'"



ALTRINCHAM. Now he's blasting the Church of England's clergy

I am aware that this may seem a mere nothing to Our Lady of the Snows but the British, unlike the Canadians, are as unprepared for a snowy winter as they are for a drought in summer.

However, my purpose in giving you this weather report is not to chill you to the bone nor even to invite your sympathy but merely to explain how the weather affects the British people.

It is both a psychological and physiological fact that by the time February is well on its way the patience of the British is exhausted. Anything may happen and usually it does.

Therefore we were not surprised when Lord Altrincham, known affectionately as "The Pipsqueak Peer," erupted again. You may or you may not remember that he and the youthful Lord Londonderry once took it upon themselves to criticize the Queen.

On that occasion Lord Londonderry's grandmother gave her grandson "hell for not art" and he has never been heard of since, but nothing can suppress Lord Altrincham. Headlines attract him like a purple sin. Only a short time ago he opened fire on the Archbishop of Canterbury as the head of the Anglican Church using a Birmingham newspaper as his medium. Full of reforming zeal Lord Altrincham wrote that if he

continued on page 48



ATTLEE. The titled socialist says MPs are careerists and pelf-seekers.



1959 Rambler Custom Cross Country—Most striking station wagon on the Canadian road. Your choice of Rambler Economy Six or Rambler Rebel V8 power.

Go Rambler in '59

Canada's Success Car Scores Again! 22 new models with brilliant new styling, each designed to give you the best of both—big car room, small car economy!

In '59, only Rambler gives you everything you could wish for in a car . . . the style you want . . . the economy you need . . . the quality you deserve!

Other '59 cars have grown bigger and hungrier. Only the compact Rambler Six gives you roominess and luxury unmatched in cars at twice the price . . . *plus* even greater gasoline economy through improved carburetion and new high-efficiency drive ratios. Rambler is the most economical big car on the Canadian road.

See the artistry sculptured into every line of Rambler's brilliant new body styles. Relax in the new Sectional Sofa Front Seats that glide forward and back independently for tailored-to-measure comfort. Test the solid feel of Rambler's battleship-strong, all-welded Single Unit construction that gives years of rattle-free driving.

It's the most complete line in the industry! See the 22 stunning new Ramblers—sedans, station wagons, hardtops—today! *There's a Rambler for you . . . see all 22!*

AMERICAN MOTORS (CANADA) LTD.



1959 Rambler Rebel V8 Hardtop. Striking design . . . roomy luxury for six passengers . . . plus economy and handling rarely unmatched in any other V8 car.



1959 Rambler American Station Wagon. Brand new this year . . . a roomy, rugged version of the famous Rambler American. Seats five with large space to spare.



1959 Rambler American. Rambler economy in a five-passenger car. Roomy comfort in this smaller version of the famous Rambler 100" wheelbase. Luggage space to spare.



1959 Metropolitan 1500. The smart, sprightly "car about town". Agile and effortless in the heaviest traffic—so inexpensive to buy and drive.



1959 Ambassador. A 270 horsepower aristocrat with styling, interior beauty, comfort and performance unsurpassed by any other car in the fine car field.



Buy a 15-oz. tin of Libby's Peas and a 15-oz. tin of Libby's Corn (any style). Send the label from each tin to Libby's, Chatham, Ontario, and we'll send you 40¢ in cash to cover the approximate purchase price. Offer is limited to once per family. Libby's capture the full flavour of the fields in sweet, sun-soaked corn ... in peas that are canned almost as soon as they're picked—and taste like it! We're confident one trial will convince you that Libby's is the kind to buy—always.

reach for Libby's quality foods

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited • Chatham, Ontario

We must stop glumly watching the traffic toll soar. Scientific methods can improve our safety record. Here, after consulting many experts, a Maclean's editor lists

8 WAYS TO CUT TRAFFIC DEATHS

By Sidney Katz

In the last year for which there are complete figures, 5½ million Canadian motorists drove 4½ million cars almost 37 billion miles. The accident toll was 81 572 people killed and injured and $75 million worth of property damage. If the past is any guide, these figures will become progressively larger. Traffic destruction is so serious that it now ranks with cancer, mental illness and heart disease as an economic and health problem.

The public seems to accept the mounting traffic death and injury rate as an unavoidable feature of modern life, like hypertension, divorce and high taxes. Yet after questioning leading safety authorities in Canada and the United States, I'm convinced that this fatalism is unjustified and that there are at least eight things we can do to cut down traffic fatalities. None of them in itself is spectacular. But applied collectively, they are almost certain to achieve results.

1 MAKE DRIVING INSTRUCTION COMPULSORY FOR ALL YOUTHS EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE AND YOUNGER. Giving high-school students instruction in driving lags in Canada because most educators feel that operating a car is not a subject that should be placed on the curriculum. They believe that it's a skill which can most appropriately be taught elsewhere.

Many safety authorities, on the other hand, feel the situation has become so critical that driving should be made a compulsory high-school subject. This conclusion is based on insurance figures which show that the 16-21 age group has an accident rate twice as high as the rest of the population. E. K. MacKay of the Ontario Safety League says: "Teen agers have eleven times as many accidents per miles driven as the safest group of drivers—the 45 50-year-olds." The record of young drivers is growing worse while the record of other age groups improves.

Yet young people can become the best drivers on the road if they are given a well planned course in driving. After a survey which compared trained and untrained school-age drivers in fifteen states and thirteen cities, the National Education Association, Washington, concluded that "the trained driver shows thirty to fifty percent better driving performance" as well as a dramatic decrease in accidents and traffic violations. In Manitoba, trained high school drivers had an accident rate one eighth that of the average motorist in the province. Training has been so effective in reducing accidents that the Allstate Insurance Company, which operates in Canada and the United States, offers a premium discount of fifteen percent to all young people who graduate from an approved high school driver education course. The advantages of driving instruction are so conclusive that eleven thousand high schools in the U. S. are now training a million students each year.

Compulsory driving instruction is most advanced in Michigan, where, under the Driver Education Law, no person under eighteen can be licensed unless he has had an approved course in driver education. The course is available to all high-school students without charge. The cost of instruction, per pupil, varies between $25 and $55. The state contributes up to $25 per student and the local school board pays the balance. The course consists of thirty hours of classroom instruction plus six hours of behind the wheel training. Dual-control practice cars are usually loaned to the schools by local auto dealers who, in turn, are partially subsidized by car manufacturers. The instructors are certified teachers who have received forty hours of drilling in how to teach driving. To emphasize the importance of the driving course, students who complete it are given curriculum credits. By following this progress, it is hoped that in time all Michigan drivers will be trained.

Continued on next page



1 Make teen age driver training compulsory. Some high schools — this one's at Niagara Falls, Ont. — teach driving. But students needn't take it.



2 Regulate the commercial driving schools. Ontario's transport department trains teachers, but we need laws to keep out unqualified instructors.



3 Weed out the "sick drivers" before they kill. New psychological tests isolate emotional problems that make certain drivers a safety menace.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 28, 1959

Eighty to ninety percent of all traffic accidents are due to driver misbehavior

would a national "get-tough" policy really work?



4 Reform the traffic courts. Minor offenders should be taught safe driving habits in classes. Experience in court ought to be a remedy—not a punishment.



5 Stop pampering traffic violators. Manitoba cop shows one way to get tough. A crack-down in Connecticut led to a dramatic drop in road fatalities.



6 Introduce the point system. Driver loses his Ontario license for three months after running up 12 points. Four provinces, 22 states use system.



7 Conduct better research on accidents. Safety experts are often baffled by what causes crashes. More knowledge could prevent thousands of deaths.

2. REGULATE THE COMMERCIAL DRIVING SCHOOLS. Many lives would be saved if adults as well as teen-agers were required to take adequate driving courses before being allowed to get behind a wheel. The average licensed driver performs poorly. After a close look at 111,000 motorists, the American Automobile Association concluded that the driver who covers 10,000 miles per year commits about 25,000 violations annually. This includes such minor infractions as turning without signaling, momentarily exceeding the speed limit and crossing to the left of the centre of the road. Safety experts regard these transgressions as significant because there's a direct relationship between violations and accidents.

In Germany an applicant for a driver's license must produce a certificate of graduation from an approved driving school before he can try the test. Nearly all commercial transport firms in North America require their drivers to take intensive training regardless of how much driving experience they've had—a procedure that helps account for the low accident rate of professional truck drivers. In Michigan several hundred motorists, who for two years had been chronic violators frequently involved in accidents, were required to take driving improvement training. During the following two years, 55 percent had violation- and accident-free records.

These facts point to the advantages of driving training for adults. But where are they to obtain it? At present, driving instruction is available from hundreds of commercial driving schools. Unfortunately, many of these schools don't contribute as much to traffic safety as they could. Most only give eight to twelve hours of driving practice because the customers are anxious to try for their driver's license with as little expense as possible. Few driving schools give classroom instruction although thirty hours of lectures are required to impress good driving attitudes on a new driver. But as one driving-school operator pointed out, "Who's going to pay to listen to somebody talk at them for thirty hours?" Many driving-school instructors are unqualified. Some of them are people marking time between other jobs.

One reason why many driving schools are of such low calibre is that they are not adequately supervised or regulated. Some local police departments lay down certain requirements but they're not tough enough. Even these can be evaded by the driving school locating outside the city limits.

According to W. Arch Bryce, general manager of the Canadian Highway Safety Conference, Ottawa: "Commercial driving schools should be strictly supervised and regulated by provincial governments." Model legislation already exists in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey and California.

The laws of those states set forth certain qualifications for the instructors, the minimum number of hours of classroom instruction and behind-the-wheel instruction required and a regular inspection procedure for the training vehicles. If such legislation were to be introduced by the various provinces, our driving schools would be graduating a much higher proportion of safe drivers.

3. WEED OUT THE "SICK DRIVERS" BEFORE THEY KILL. There's a growing mass of evidence to indicate that some motorists should be banished either temporarily or permanently from our streets and highways. Safety experts refer to them as "sick drivers" and the total of accidents they cause is out of all proportion to their numbers. In Connecticut, a six-year study revealed that four percent of the licensed drivers were responsible for thirty-six percent of all accidents. Manitoba's 1957 accident statistics support a similar conclusion. The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles **continued on page**



8 Make all the agencies work together. Dozens of groups work on safety but they need cohesive leadership.

The living mystery of the Rockies

How and when were they created? Where do they begin and end? What do they really mean to our country? Here, two well-known Canadian writers and a distinguished Canadian painter join in a fresh look at our greatest natural wonder

Stories by MARJORIE EARL and BRUCE HUTCHISON

Illustrations by FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE



The living mystery of the Rockies



BY MARJORIE EARL

continued on next page

Probably no two word symbols in the English language awaken such vivid mental images or such strong convictions of reality as the words Rocky Mountains. And probably no two word symbols in the English language, or for that matter in any language, are so often used with so little understanding of the realities they are supposed to represent. Even to those who are supposed to be authorities the Rockies are a mighty mystery.

Nobody knows for sure how they got there who first saw them, how they got their name or how long they have been inhabited. Nobody seems to know exactly where they start and where they end.

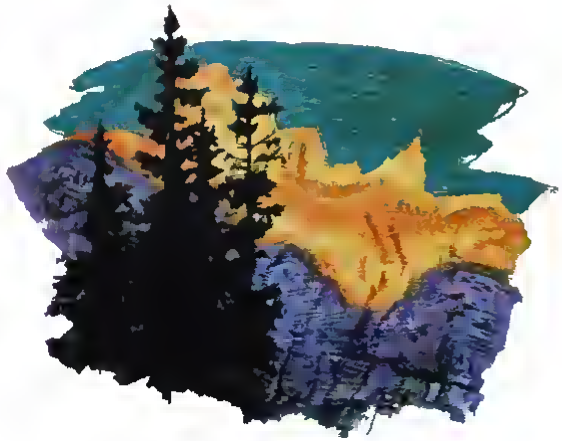
Nobody can describe them adequately. Lesser attempts flounder in a confusion of adjectives and those of great artists link the mountains to philosophy and religion in a subjective way that does not fit the facts. Mountains are supposed, for example, to elevate the souls of men but for every song elevated by the Rocky Mountains scores have been degraded to vanity, foolishness, greed, fear, murder and even cannibalism. Mountains are supposed also to inspire men to great deeds but for every great deed done at their inspiration the Rockies have inspired a dozen schemes that have been costly, foolhardy, heartbreaking and even wicked.

It says in the Book of Common Prayer that mountains bring peace. But in Canada at least the Rockies have been responsible for more continuous and bitter political squabbles than any other topographical feature on the face of the nation. Poets have often upheld mountains as a symbol of liberty, but the Canadian Rockies on the contrary have locked British Columbia behind a wall of costly freight rates, taxes and transportation problems.

The truth about the Rockies is as elusive as the pinnacle of Mount Brussels, an elaborate giant on the Banff-Jasper highway which consistently defies the world's best mountaineers. Certainly the truth cannot be found by studying tourist publications and encyclopedias, these inspire more wonder and bafflement than the mountains themselves. Most of the former say the name "Rocky Mountains" comes from the Cree Indian name Asiniwati, meaning stony. But this does not explain why the Rockies are known by the same name far below the border of the United States where they are diffused over a vast section of the continent never inhabited by Cree Indians.

Even more baffling is the lack of agreement about what land area the name is supposed to cover. The Encyclopaedia Britannica, for example, says that the Rockies start in New Mexico and sweep north for twenty-two hundred miles to the Yukon. A booklet published by the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources says they start far below the international boundary and extend to beyond the Liard River. The

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 28, 1959



A golden sunset touches a ridge of the "awesome giants along the Banff Jasper highway"

Encyclopedia of Canada published by the University Associates of Canada in 1937 says they start in New Mexico and go to the Arctic Circle. Other references have them extending from Mexico to Alaska and still others say they are a continuation of the Andes and stretch to the Aleutians.

The Canadian Rockies are one thousand miles long in the Encyclopedia Britannica nine hundred miles long according to the Department of Mines and Resources, four hundred and fifty miles long in the Encyclopedia of Canada and in Chambers' Encyclopedia their length is not mentioned at all. The Encyclopedia Britannica says they contain fifty peaks surpassing eleven thousand feet. Chambers says they contain forty peaks between eleven and thirteen thousand feet. The Department of Mines and Resources says they rank third among the great mountain ranges of the world but other books say they rank fourth after the Himalayas, the Andes and the Alps.

Everybody agrees that Mount Robson near Jasper is the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies and that it is considerably lower than Mount Everest in the Himalayas, which stands 29,002 feet and is the highest mountain in the world. But the Britannica says in one volume that Mount Robson is 12,972 feet and in another that it is 12,975. Chambers favors 12,972 and the Encyclopedia of Canada is off key with 13,069.

After floundering in this organized chaos it is a relief to go directly to the mountains. There confronted by these titanic battlements, it is impossible not to be moved by their many splendors: the lonely sapphire of Lake Moraine ringed by ten giants wearing cuirasses of ice and plumes of snow; the electrifying descent by CPR train into the Kicking Horse canyon; the awesome sentinels along the Banff-Jasper highway still dressed in the dirty and tattered remnants of the last ice age—to name only three of the most obvious tourist attractions. And it is impossible also not to ponder the question: "How did they get there?" But, alas, here is another mystery.

A digest of tourist literature explanations for the existence of the Rockies has them deposited millions of years ago as sediments in the basin of a sea. Then, at some point in geological time, the sea receded and as the molten centre of the earth cooled, its crust shrank and wrinkled in a manner comparable to the skin of a drying apple. Much later, according to this version, the wrinkles were sculptured by weather and by a succession of vast ice caps that came down from the Arctic and then went back again, leaving vestigial remains like the three-hundred-acre Columbia Icefields. On this relic a tourist can ride a snowmobile for a two-dollar fee and then take a short, astonished walk over terrain that pre-dates human life.

But this theory of how the mountains were formed is largely guesswork. The Rockies say F. K. North and G. G. L. Henderson in an article published by the Alberta Society of Petroleum Geologists, offer the most spectacular succession of sedimentary rocks to be found at the surface anywhere in Canada." They are a geological region distinct from the plains to the east and the Columbia mountains to the west—the Purcells, the Selkirks, the Monashees, the Cariboos and the Cassiars all more or less parallel to each other but striking the Rockies at an angle. But how the peaks of the Rockies came to be raised, twisted and overturned into their present marvelous shapes is still a mystery.

"The exact mechanics of Rocky Mountain deformation are outside our understanding at present," North and Henderson say. They complain that vast sections on each side of the Continental Divide are still unmapped geologically; that much of the available literature on the Rockies is the stratigraphy is so unbelievably complex that it defies analysis, and that "the structure has been made to appear so simple that there is no apparent reason *why* the mountains exist."

If the Rockies are a mystery to empirical science they are still more elusive to the frail grasp of imagination. Most published descriptions do little more than prove that Ruskin was right when he said that mountains have **continued on page 42**



Only the animal denizens can know the remote, cruel beauty of the Rockies' loops, veins and marginetry. Few men catch more than a fleeting glimpse from a train.



Only a man on foot or horseback,
led by a mountain man
like James Riviere, can see the hidden heart of the Rockies.
It happened,
on a knife's edge of naked rock in a snowstorm,
to a famous Canadian writer



BRUCE HUTCHISON tells of

The day I saw the Rockies' secret

The day of our great discovery galloped in from the foothills on the black horses of autumn's first snowcloud. All the converging storms of the continent seemed to move through the funnel of our cramped valley. Around us the Rockies were quilted deep in mist and we could see a scant twenty feet from our sodden tents. Yet this day had a shattering secret to reveal.

James Riviere, the guide, philosopher and familiar spirit of the mountains, removed his six and a half feet of bone and muscle from his sleeping bag long before dawn lighted a giant bonfire in the rain and informed me confidentially (not to alarm the three other city dudes) that it looked like a spell of weather all right. With a dizzy trail behind us and not even a goat's track over the continental divide ahead, it might be, said James, a rather sticky business.

He is a man given to understatement. As never before I detected a shadow of worry on his face of saddle leather. To advance or retreat? From a high knoll James pondered that question, the comfort of his shivering guests, the safety of his pack train and worldly assets.

By noon he could see a blue rent in the sky and far below the brown carpet of the southern Alberta prairies. If our luck held, he suggested, none too confidently, we might make it over the summit by dark.

Luck didn't appear to be holding very well when our caravan of twelve horses advanced up a perpendicular slide of shale to a knife's edge of naked rock. I could distinguish only the head of my horse and feel the throb of his hollows between my legs. An opaque stuff, like newly mixed concrete, had expunged the universe. I didn't know where we were, or how high, but I judged it would be unwise to fall off at this point.

Then, without warning, came the revelation.

The sun bored through the concrete above us **continued on page 49**



"Only a dozen miles from the nearest town, our camp lay in sidereal loneliness.

The Franklin Arbuckles

A distinguished and disarming Canadian painter* and his artist-wife reminisce with wry, warm humor about their comfortable *vie bohème* and the struggle to earn a living at the work they love

By Barbara Moon PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM DAVENPORT

The street is in a pleasant, residential section of north central Toronto. A lawyer lives up the block at No. 46, a food broker lives across the way at No. 51, a surgeon lives in No. 49. No. 46 is the home of a man who makes tombstones.

But the new people in No. 52—the red brick with hall lambering that is the oldest house on the street—are artists.

In fact George Franklin Arbuckle, 49, is one of Canada's most successful artists. He is vice-president of the Royal Canadian Academy; his vigorous landscapes grace both private collections and a dozen of the leading galleries in North America and Europe; the series of covers and illustrations he has painted for Maclean's since 1944 have been described as "a remarkable piece of Canadiana." His wife, Frances-Anne Arbuckle (born Johnston), is widely admired as a painter of interiors and still life, and is herself an associate of the RCA. Her father, Franz Johnston, was an original member of the Group of Seven. The Arbuckles, who lived and painted in Montreal for seventeen years before their recent return to Toronto, have two daughters: Robin, twenty-two, who stayed behind to work as a secretary, and Candace, nine.

The Arbuckles moved into No. 52 last September with their easels and canvases and bundles of frames, with their life-size carved wood cherub and their glowing old bits of Persian carpet, with their worn, comfortable mismatched furniture and the massive Breton *armoire* black with resin and years.

In the placid broadloom and glass-chandelier neighborhood the inventory was no more—and no less—remarkable than the artists themselves. The Arbuckles belie the truer legends about artists. They are gentle people, civilized and lighthearted. They discuss their work diffidently and do not like to make lofty pronouncements on art in general.

On the other hand, they scorn protective coloration in the community. Told not long ago that he'd automatically been listed on the Home and School Association rolls when Candace entered her new Toronto school, Arbuckle's response was simple heartfelt horror. "God, no!" he exploded. "The Arbuckles hate all furniture that comes in matching suites; they will scrimp to buy something beautiful but not to buy a luxury. After twenty-four years of marriage, Mrs. Arbuckle got her first Mixmaster this Christmas. After a lifetime as artists in Canada they know what is necessary to them and what is not. They have had to find out.

"If you're an artist your material wants are very, very few," Arbuckle observed recently. "The things you need are paints, brushes, food, maybe a little bit for clothes."

After spending an afternoon and evening with them this January I would add one item to Arbuckle's list: enough money to ransom time to paint for himself from the time spent willy-nilly painting for others.

We sat in a living room mellow with books and old wood and objects mulled by love and much handling. Arbuckle—called Archie by his friends—was folded deep into an armchair in the corner. He is a tall, sandy man with a faint, cropped mustache, surprised blue eyes and a mouth ready to quirk in self-derision. He is a fly fisherman and a pipe-smoker.

His wife has wider, more tranquil bones, but her deepset eyes blaze from her face. Her voice is low and musical. She's a crossword fan and, like Arbuckle, a lover of chamber music.

I asked them about their early years. They met at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto where both were scholarship students, but they waited five years to get married because the depression was on and they had no money.

"Remember before we were married, Archie," said Frances suddenly, "and you had the studio on Grenville Street and I'd come in from daddy's studio at noon and we'd buy eggs and cook them on an electric plate? Archie had a plate he'd got by

continued on page 46

*FOR VIVID SAMPLES OF ARBUCKLE'S LATEST WORK SEE THE PRECEDING FIVE PAGES AND THE COVER.



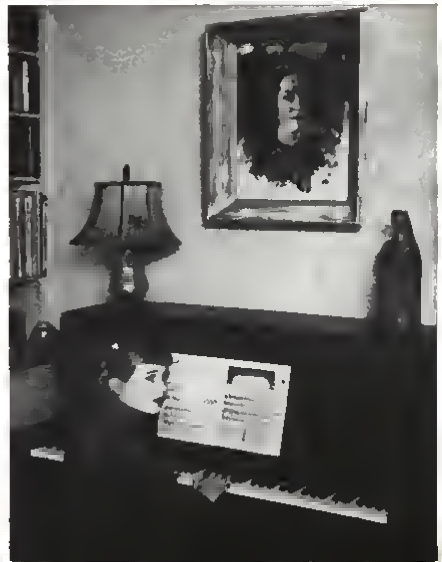


With nine-year-old daughter Candace, just back from a Brownie meeting, Franklin and Frances Anne Arbuckle chat with reporter Moon in their Toronto living room.



An Arbuckle original is over Candace's shoulder as she whispers her goodnights.

Candace shows her keyboard skill, before a portrait of her older sister, Robin. →



PAUZÉ'S:

their world is the oyster

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV



All-time champion eater Dave Lack downs a succulent Pauzé oyster

Even in gourmet Montreal
this century-old (well, 97) restaurant is legend—
as much for its dedicated coterie
of seafood buffs as for the
pedigreed oysters,
lobsters
and clams that
go into its incomparable dishes

Montreal is the eatingest town and of all the shrines erected there to the art of gastronomy none is more venerable or has worshippers more dedicated than Pauzé's the city's oldest oyster bar (the original was opened in 1862). Most of its patrons will eat fish at no other place contending that nowhere are the oysters more succulent the lobsters more tender the clam chowder more wondrous the fish more delicately deep-fried and even the Camembert cheese more perfectly ripe than at Pauzé's. It is an opinion modestly shared by owner Sam Andrews, his wife and his staff.

But it must be admitted that Pauzé's fails to rival the sky-filling outline of the St. Joseph's Oratory as an impressive-looking shrine or landmark. In fact you need to be a bit of an explorer to find it. If you head west on St. Catherine Street, past Guy, or east on the same street from the Forum after a hockey game, as many people do, walking along the north side of the street you will find it near St. Matthew, wedged in between a flower shop and a sewing machine depot. The sign above the entrance, when all the neon letters are working, announces that it is Pauzé's, Montreal's oldest oyster bar, and if you peer through the fish nets obscuring the view past the plate-glass windows you will dimly discern figures at a bar, huddled over plates and busy at their devotions, in the dark recesses beyond other worshippers are in alcoves similarly employed. The outside of the restaurant below the windows is liberally plastered over with oyster shells cemented to the surface, and the display area on either side of the narrow entrance contains a highly educational collection of shells garnered from the seven seas, together with conch coral blowfish starfish and other museum pieces having a vague connection with the array of food that is served within.

Once you have reassured yourself that this indeed may be Pauzé's, and you enter the mystery merely deepens. A long narrow room leads off to a distant kitchen, weird murals of seafaring life, left by a previous occupant, adorn the walls, and the bare spaces in the walls as well as the ceiling overhead are similarly festooned with cemented oyster shells, only the shells in the ceiling have been dashed a dismal green which helps to convince you that you have entered an undersea grotto or a Chinese opium den by mistake. But if you have a keen nose you will be reassured, for the heavenly aroma wafted from the distant kitchen bears intriguing promise of treasures in store. Heady scent of hot oyster stew mingles with the subtle smell of broiling lobster and steaming clams. The ear's endorsement is obtained when the swinging kitchen door lets out the sound of sizzling batter enclosing a piece of succulent haddock immersed in piping-hot vegetable oil.

Famous food and famous names

Here in these unlikely surroundings nearly a million oysters on the half-shell slide across the counter at Pauzé's every year, accompanied by another 675,000 in oyster stews, half a million steamed clams together with 700,000 in stews, 70,000 broiled and boiled lobsters, about 200,000 shrimps, 300,000 scallops and nearly a quarter of a million other pieces of fish, including halibut, haddock, swordfish, salmon, fillets of sole and Dover sole, smelts, caviar, and Winnipeg goldeyes.

Similarly impressive is the roll of guests and near-greats in Canadian life who have sought sustenance at the bar of Pauzé's. Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George Etienne Cartier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Louis St. Laurent, Premier Maurice Duplessis, scores of prominent judges, lawyers, doctors, businessmen and stars of sports and entertainment.

About three hundred dedicated shellfish consumers form the heart of Pauzé's cosmopolitan business, and for these Pauzé's provide long, gaily decorated bibs with the customers' names embroidered on them. Armed in such an outfit, it is practically impossible to damage your attire unless you dive headlong into the oyster stew. The number accorded the distinction of a special personal bib is strictly limited to three hundred, when someone moves out of the country or dies—the only two reasons they would ever stop coming to Pauzé's—a new bib is prepared for number 301, who may have waited a year for that distinction, meanwhile morbidly scanning the newspaper obituary columns each day.

Great trenchermen are numerous among Pauzé customers, but by common consent the palm is awarded to lawyer Dave Lack, following a feat he accomplished a few years ago as the result of a wager with three maritime jurors Harold Tanh. Both are members, along with financier Lawrence Lande, realtor Bernard Lande, industrial designer Carl Mangold, film executive Hilis Cass and chain-store owner Jack Reitman, of the self-styled Lack Lande Fish Chowder and Marching Society which meets informally each Saturday afternoon at Pauzé's. They got involved in the wager after Lack had scornfully rejected an offer of Tanh's to pay his modest meal check. "When you stand treat for me," said Lack, "I want it to be a real meal." Tanh took the bait. "If you will eat the meal I order, I'll pay for it," he

continued on page 30

Sam Andrews, his wife, son and staff display mouth-watering fare



Original members of the Lack Lande Fish Chowder and Marching Society, in monogrammed bibs, dig ecstatically into their regular Saturday banquet of seafood



"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's stories told by its readers about some dramatic event in their lives.



In her comfortable Montreal living room, petite Mme. Perreault, a picture of her murdered son beside her, remembers her nine week nigh

How I found the man who killed my son

By Laurette Perreault as told to Ken Lefolii

On March 30, 1958 thawing snow in a roadside ditch five miles from Montebello, Que. uncovered a human torso. At the first report, police appeared to face a long and tortuous investigation. There were grave problems of identification, head and hands had been removed from the corpse, and it had been in the ditch for at least two months.

Yet within twenty four hours the identity of the victim was established, a suspect was in custody, and detectives had most of the evidence by which he was later convicted of the murder and sentenced to hang. The police had acted on information supplied by the victim's family. It had been gained at the insistence of his mother, and largely by her own ingenuity and daring during a nine-week ordeal of courage and torment that can have few parallels in the history of crime.

She speaks no English and reads and writes little French. This is her story as she told it to the Quebec editor of Maclean's.

My son was gone, without word, without trace. I was afraid, and I pleaded for help.

Across the counter at the Montreal Sûreté the sergeant leaned on his elbows and waited to hear me out. Then he took me up on the elevator to the fourth floor, to a half lit corridor where there were two wooden benches. He told me to wait until Lieut. George Cookson, the head of the missing persons bureau, could see me. I sat on the bench for three hours, alone with my fear. Constables in uniform passed and passed again but none spoke and few even looked at me. It was late afternoon when Lieut. Cookson called me in, and I told him everything I knew about the strange disappearance of my son Jean-Claude.

More than two weeks before Jean-Claude had left our house in east Montreal to drive his car to New York. It was a little after seven when I saw him last, on the night of Jan. 23, 1958—a date impossible for me to forget. My son was going to meet his new boss, a Monsieur Dennis, and was to follow Dennis' car to New York City. The very next morning Jean-Claude was to report at the Empire State Building to start an important job, confidential and highly paid. Dennis had hired him after their first interview, which took place in Jean-Claude's car. He had rushed home to tell us he was to be a courier for the United States government, responsible for delivering secret contracts to oil refineries and uranium mines.

But even though he was the one chosen for such a job from among all the men who had answered the ad, Monsieur Dennis ran in Montreal La Presse, Jean-Claude was really little more than a boy. I explained all this to the lieutenant and told him that again and again before he left. Jean-Claude had promised to telephone me that same night when he was through driving, even if the call cost ten dollars. In fact he had promised to call me every night the first week he was away, and to write every week after that.

It was important for the lieutenant to understand that Jean-Claude was no boy to break a promise to me. Ever since my elder son Roger was married and went to live in his own home Jean-Claude had been the breadwinner in my house in place of his dead father. Besides, Jean-Claude had never been away from me before for more than a weekend. I knew he would be homesick for all of us.

"So you see," I said, "you've got to help me. I've waited beside the telephone until I'm sick with worry and fright, and there is nothing. Silence. Something has happened to Jean-Claude, and you must help me find him."

"How old is the youngster?" Lieut. Cookson asked me. "Is he twenty one?"

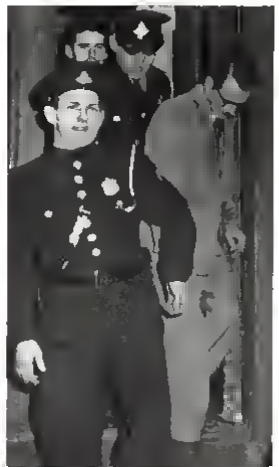
Jean-Claude's twenty-first birthday had been in June, I said. The lieutenant shook his head. "There's nothing we can do," he told me. "Your son has a good job, he's of age. There's nothing the police can do to make a man who leaves home write regularly to his mother." He paused. "Unless a crime has been committed—but there's no crime here. I'm sorry we can't help."

I know my son," I said, and maybe I shouted. "Unless there's something wrong, he'd send me word. It's your job to help. You must!" The lieutenant ran his hand through his thin hair. Then he stood up and showed me out.

I saw nothing from the windows of the bus as I made my way home.

That week I wasn't myself. Maybe my mind was a little unhinged with worry. I don't know. It was the third week of empty waiting, of endless questions without answers drumming in my head. Night by night we three women sat by the television screen where we had laughed so often with Jean-Claude. Micheline, my younger daughter, was just sixteen then, and my fear frightened her, too. It was almost as hard for her former Claire Roy. One day perhaps Claire and Jean-Claude might have been married, they had already said the first tentative words.

Every night my other children called to ask if we had word. First Roger, my older son. Then Pauline, my older daughter, and her husband Marcel Lessard. And every night I said no, there was no word. By Saturday I could wait helplessly no longer. I asked Claire to come back to the big police station on Gosford Street with me, **continued on page 36**



Convicted murderer Hector Pourier, here with police, was sentenced to be hanged. He had a long record.

Shortly before he ended a night club fiance Claire Roy, Jean-Claude Perreault helped in the search.



It's only eight years

since this one-eyed British

brigadier gave up

hobnobbing with London's

social set to start

building a publishing empire

in New Brunswick.

But soon all of Canada will

know about





With Wardell as a 1925 society host were two future kings of England: left, Edward (later VIII), Prince of Wales, and second from right, the Duke of York (George VI).



Wardell was honored for his campaign for the Maritimes with this tie and swatch of Cape Breton tartan. Wardell was attracted to Canada when our troops were first to use his rocket launcher

Mike Wardell's tempestuous love affawith the Maritimes

Lord Beaverbrook gave Wardell his first job and ever since has been a guiding light.



By Lawrence Earl

Recently in Fredericton, N.B., a prominent native son dropped into the offices of The Daily Gleaner for a friendly chat with a comparative newcomer — publisher John Michael Stewart Wardell, a transplanted one-eyed ex-military landed gentleman from Britain who looks and is a person of many distinctions. Among these is Brig. Wardell's reputation of having a hair-trigger temper capable—like Leacock's horseman—of riding off simultaneously in all directions.

It was smack in the midst of a scene illustrating this remarkable talent that the embarrassed visitor found the publisher shouting red-faced into a phone regarding a sin of omission by an editor of the Atlantic Advocate, Wardell's growing monthly magazine, snapping asides at a sweating employee of his book publishing company who stood with a fistful of galleys beside the boss's desk, glaring in Cyclopean outrage through an open door into the Gleaner's normally cluttered newsroom. That Wardell did not at the same time have a staffer from his job printing business on the carpet seemed but a niggling oversight soon to be corrected.

The friend had heard of but never witnessed one of Wardell's tantrums. Awestruck, he wondered what harm such emotional storms might wreak on a man who, after all, would never see sixty again. When calm settled, the friend cleared his throat.

"Mike," he ventured, "for the sake of your health, don't you think you should start taking tranquilizing pills?"

Wardell momentarily relaxed in his chair to beam lazy charm at his caller, bounced to his feet. Office lights reflected jerkily in the opaque black monocle he wears over his blind eye as he banged his fist hard against his desk top.

"Damn it, man!" he shouted almost loud enough to carry two flights down to bustling Queen Street. "What makes you think I *need* to be tranquilized?"

In much the same way Wardell — who keeps New Brunswick in a tizzy and the remaining Atlantic provinces wondering what wild controversy he will stir up next—disclaims any intent to arouse or to annoy.

"I'm trying to plant cohesive fighting thought in the people of the Maritimes so they can decide rationally how to get what's coming to them from Ottawa and the rest of Canada," he said revealingly not long ago.

He was referring largely to the down-east cries that freight rates must be adjusted to enable Atlantic province goods to compete in the central Canadian marketplace; that industrial decentralization from Ontario and Quebec is needed; that a program of federal capital aid be aimed at expanding the basic economy of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Wardell does appear to do his best to get the people of the Maritimes speaking in one loud voice. He was a strong supporter of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council from its inception. He helped see to it that H. Watson Jamer was made agent general for the Atlantic provinces in London last June, and even organized a grand dinner there in honor of Premiers Stanfield, Flemming, Matheson and Smallwood, at which Lord Beaverbrook was host and Prime Minister Macmillan and Sir Winston Churchill were among the distinguished guests. "It has been my aim to get the premiers of the four provinces working closer together than ever before," Wardell said recently. He has.

In fact, he quite clearly sees himself as the latest and most likely to-succeed in a long line of Maritime men who have tried to push and prod the economically depressed down-east area into bettering itself. This an ambitious undertaking calls for the kind of

continued on page 33





Smithy.

Sweet & sour



David Morrow

It figured

"I guess you're mighty pleased with that new house you bought out in East Vernon eh Saunders? Well I hadn't anticipated this would happen but there's an important vacancy out in our west-coast branch and we've decided you're the man to—"

"Happy birthday, Joe! Here's a little offering for you and if you don't agree it's the smoothest stuff you ever let down your gullet No kid dong You're the last guy I'd ever figured to go on the wagon

"There's a big delegation of fans in the third base section who have come down from East Brockvale to see Eddie Jepson play I guess they didn't find out in time that Eddie slipped in the shower last night and—"

"I hate to think what my water bill's going to be but by golly with the sprinkling I gave our lawn Martha, did you hear thunder?"

"Wow! That's the best backhand shot I ever saw in all my life But his serve was out, Bill Right there is where it landed Now try and get the second one back willya?"

"I don't see how you did it! Five out of eight winners you picked including the daily double Too bad you couldn't have got a day off and gone out to the track and bet eh?

ROGER SMYTHE

They never seem to take my bait

"I can just as well call a cab There's no use your driving me all the way over to the South Norfolk station"
"Number's 3 1852"

"I never go by recipes. This barbecue sauce is just something I whipped up by myself experimenting as I went along."
"Have you tried Zestee Barbecue Sauce?"

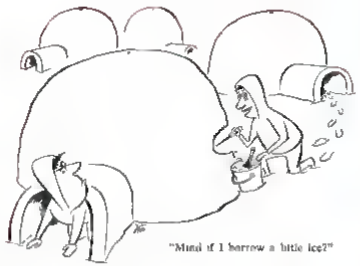
"If I could find some willing strong-shouldered helper I'd move the piano over to the other end of the room."
"It would look better over there come to think of it Isn't your brother coming to dinner tonight?"

"Well, I made it—four spades doubled with the ace and queen against me I guess you thought I didn't have a prayer, eh?"
"I think we'd have made more if you'd doubled their four-heart bid."

"I've got to be going, Joe You know of any place around here where they could put me up for the night?
"There's an excellent motel six blocks down on Bleeker Boulevard"

"This is only the second time in my life that I've danced the cha-cha
"It's not an easy dance to learn"

PARKE CUMMINGS



"Mind if I borrow a little ice?"

Canadian history revisited

BY PETER WHALLEY



THE ROYAL MAIL 1830

CANADA PACKERS

FLAGSHIP OF FINEST QUALITY



This mark gives you the cue...



Canada Packers products make the meal! Succulent [illegible] chickens by Maple Leaf [illegible]

How to choose a chicken. Look for a plump, full-fleshed breast, and a creamy white skin which is glossy, soft, and slightly waxy to the touch—without pinfeathers, flaws or tears in the skin! That's the way "CP" Maple Leaf chickens are chosen *for* you.

The meaning of the "CP" mark It pledges the highest standards of selection that can be met. And it promises that every possible scientific aid has helped us process all the good things we offer you So that with our "CP" products and your cooking, you can always depend on applause all 'round your table

Lime juice for basting?—*yes, combined with melted Margene Use it frequently during broiling—the outside will turn an even golden brown and retain a delicious hint of piquant lime flavour*

CANADA PACKERS

FLAGSHIP OF FINEST QUALITY



He won't suffer from acid indigestion!

Wise man—he keeps Tums handy. He knows that stomach upsets can strike anytime. Tums give fast relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and that too full feeling.

Just chew one or two pleasant tasting Tums Tablets—no water needed. Tums' antacid formula starts *instantly* to neutralize excess acid. Tums are carbonate...

Take Tums for fast relief!

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY

Roll of 12 tablets still only 10¢. 3-roll pack 29¢

COLD COMING?

Banish germs before they breed!



L-20



Pauzé's: Their world is the oyster continued from page 23

Could the champion eat seafood for a solid one and a half hours?

offered "bet if you don't eat every last crumb you'll pick up the check your self" Lack agreed quickly

A Saturday was selected for the big event The society met to draw up ground rules, and Carl Mangold was appointed referee and score-keeper Most of the society members were on hand to witness his ordeal and Pauzé's whole staff was on edge Side bets placed among the members at two-to-one against Lack were eagerly offered and reluctantly taken An arbitration committee set the length of the meal at one and a half hours and determined the order of the menu which began with oysters on the half-shell large half a dozen at a time Lack began.

A large Pauzé oyster is no mean creature; it can run to five inches in length, two inches across and a good inch thick in the cup Lack waded into them Stolidly Lack went through four dozen, with bread and butter then he had a cigarette His backers protested bitterly at this bet Lack told them "I've got to do something to take the edge off my appetite" At this display of confidence, the odds shifted to even money Three dozen cherry stone clams followed the oysters and spaced by successive cigarettes Lack polished off a large oyster stew containing eighteen oysters a large clam chowder and a large order of steamed shrimps With each dish came terse messages of encouragement from staff members "We're with you Mr Lack Then the biggest lobster in the house was sought out and Lack voiced butter disappointment when he learned that it weighed a mere three pounds He downed it to a tortured shell and scraped up the coleslaw on his plate mercilessly By this time Taeb and his backers were near tears. The meal was to conclude with chocolate biscuits and coffee but the supply of biscuits had given out and insisting on the letter of the wager Lack demanded that Taeb go forth and buy chocolate biscuits elsewhere After some heated discussion he agreed to the substitution of apple pie with cheese and then he announced that if Taeb would like to add another lobster he felt in the mood to tackle it Taeb greeted this proposal in disguised silence Lack reached out for a handful of shrimps to nibble on as Taeb settled the bill It came to $16.35 But the final indignity was offered when the company repaired to Taeb's home for drinks and Mrs Taeb brought forth a bowl of fruit Lack plunged eagerly into it while the others looked on with horror

Pauzé's long and colorful tradition was splendidly represented until his recent retirement at seventy-seven by Gaby Byrnelle who went to work at thirteen for founder Vitalien Pauzé in 1894 Short corpulent with bristly white hair sparsely adorning his pate and shoulders rounded and stamped by his occupation Gaby has known nothing but opening oysters carving lobsters and slicing and buttering brown bread since that day and he has probably opened more oysters than any man alive

He was on first name terms with everyone from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Cam illen Houde many of them he met first as teens when they were brought to Pauzé's by their fathers to be initiated into the cries and delights of oyster-eating, and third generation customers are common to him Gaby opened oysters when they were twenty cents a dozen and customers threw their crackers from a community cracker bowl and dried their hands on a community towel On Sundays Gaby would go down to the harbor with his oyster knife and pick up tips by opening oysters for enthusiasts who gathered there to meet the oyster boats from Prince Edward Island.

Many of the traditions that Gaby learned as a youngster at Pauzé's are still maintained Some have gone by the boards. Then...no menu no liquor no meal and no bill was the rule of the place A menu was hardly necessary since the only items served were oysters on the half-shell later lobsters, clams and shrimps were added but this still needed no menu Liquor would have kept people lingering over their



MACLEAN'S

meals while other impatient oyster lovers waited for one of the dozen stools at the counter And meat was anathema to Vitalien Pauzé as it is to Sam Andrews today Not so much as a ham sandwich has ever been served in the place The bill was on the honor system whereby a customer stooped at the cashier recounted what he had eaten and paid accordingly

This no-bill system was maintained until the last ten years when Pauzé's moved to their present quarters and the volume of business got too big to make it practicable. And with a vastly expanded variety of fish items to choose from Pauzé's tele tantly printed menu listing more than sixty different dishes, but warning customers on each page

Please do not be impatient if you are kept waiting We have no mass production Each and every order is specially cooked and prepared for each individual client This is a MUST with us.

But the essential tradition of Pauzé's has been admirably preserved Buttered brown bread is still served with each order and it is still bought at Mellins of Lachine The apple pies are made on the premises and the apples are the entire yield of the orchard of Jean Beetelo at St Hilaire whose grandfather sold his entire crop to Vitalien Pauzé Whenever Beetelo has a peak crop which is about once in four years, it traditionally goes to Pauzé's, too

Vitalien Pauzé had built an enviable reputation for the quality of his oysters he paid the top price and he demanded the best of his shippers But that reputation has been enhanced by Andrews for he is not satisfied to buy his oysters off the market like everybody else Instead he raises them himself and with twenty-five underwater acres at Shippegan, N.B., representing an investment of fifty thousand dollars he is one of the largest private oyster farmers in Canada.

The oyster farm really began with Sam Andrews Senior a restless, brilliant man who bought Pauzé's in 1941 after operating a fish market and the Seafood Kitchen on St Hebert St Two years later a heart attack forced him to sell his city businesses to Sam Junior and he retired to the New Brunswick seashore There he expanded his interest in oyster cultivation and suddenly Sam Junior found himself a partner in an oyster farm

After his father's death in 1953 Sam Junior sold the Seafood Kitchen and Pauzé's downtown retaining only the new and larger Pauzé's uptown Without his watchful eye, the Seafood Kitchen soon collapsed and, when the former assistant to whom he had sold Pauzé's downtown lost the business, Sam took the Pauzé name from the door

Since 1948 Pauzé's has done a thriving business at 1657 St Catherine Street West There in a long narrow room bordered by an oyster bar on one side and flanked by three rows of alcoves and in a more spacious mezzanine upstairs, where the tables sport tablecloths Pauzé's faithful followers regularly foregather The melancholy decor is apparently enjoyed by patrons every time Andrews talks about brightening the place up he is greeted by a loud chorus of protest, most violently voiced by members of the Lack Lamble Fish Chowder and Marching Society Once at some expense, Sam obtained a boatload set of shrimp glasses The first time he brought them out he was greeted with a howl "We want our shrimps on the old plates" Sam has a nice set of shrimp glasses for sale cheap

There is just enough room to pass down the two narrow aisles to the kitchen in the back There you will usually find the big six foot sandy haired fifty year-old Sam in a white apron his sleeves rolled up dipping a piece of haddock in butter or coddling clams in a saucepan. For Sam does a lot of the specialty cooking himself, and he keeps a thin eye peeled at everyone else's operation. He has rigid rules for preparing seafood and a sure way to bring down his instant wrath is to depart on the smallest particle from those rules That hasn't happened for a long time

Sam's knowledge and concern for seafood are shared by his wife Helena a pretty slight blue-eyed blonde who came into the business only after their son Ted finished school and began a teaching career Sam is disappointed that Ted now 28 has no intention of joining him though he lends a hand on holidays and is a skilled chef But Ted says "I'm more interested in young minds than old goormets" He teaches science and mathematics at Sorel High School near Montreal

Sam and Helena Andrews and their

(Advertisement)

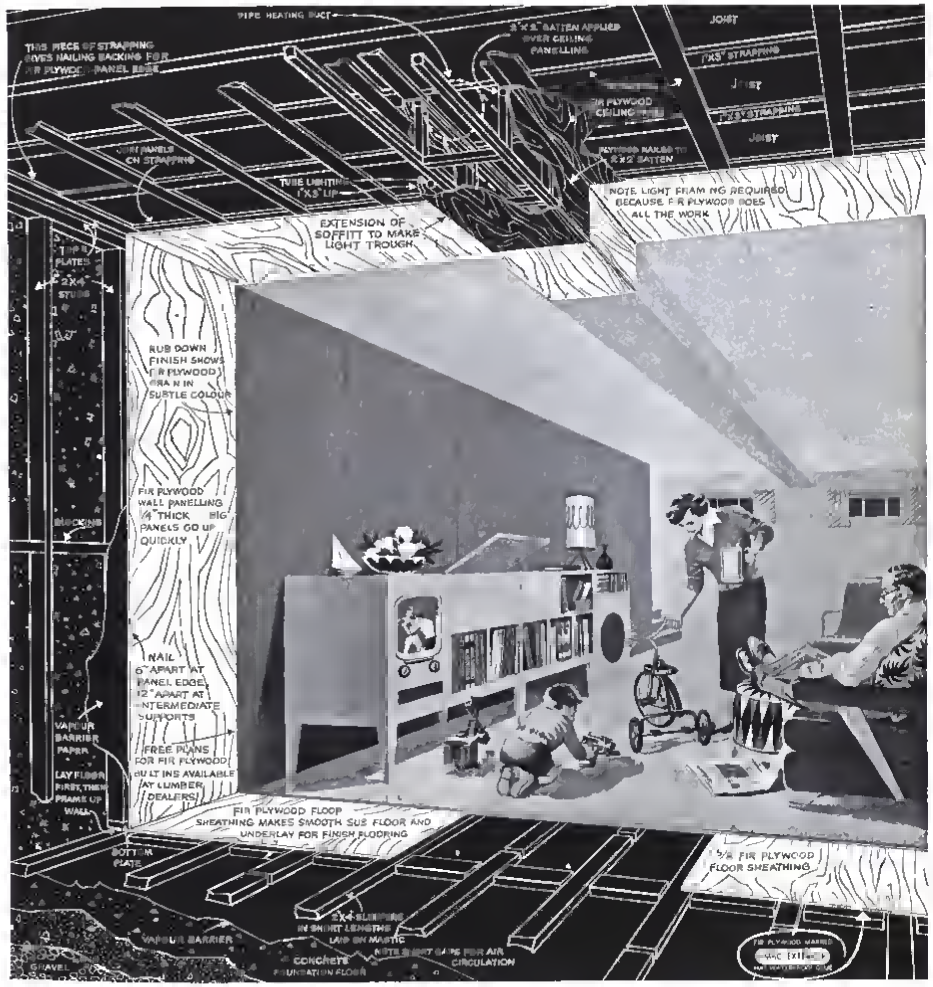
HERE'S HOW FIR PLYWOOD GETS YOU A BASEMENT ROOM IN A HURRY . . .

Take a moment and study the carpentry details. You'll soon see you need no special knowledge, skill, tools or materials. Fir plywood panels come cut exactly square at every corner Each panel covers 32 square feet of wall or ceiling You simply nail the panels to the studs ordinary nails, ordinary hammer

Waterproof glue fir plywood panels help you finish a job like this fast, at low cost. They possess structural strength, handle easily without chipping or breaking and they're tough to stand up to rumpus room abuse.

Painted, varnished and waxed or finished in colorful wipe-off tints fir plywood panels get the lasting quality of real wood into your basement. Talk it over with your lumber dealer He can offer experienced building tips and free plans for fir plywood cabinets, storage walls, book shelves, hi-fi centres and many other built-ins.

If you're short of ready cash why not discuss a Home Improvement Loan with your bank manager? PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA 201—550 Burrard Street Vancouver 1, B.C.



staff share an unusual and happy harmony. One reason for this is that most of Sam's staff have been with him since 1941. There's the Charron family for instance. Yvette, Marie and Maurice who came from Montebello with them and their mother who bakes all the pies at Panzé's. Marie was 14 when she came and she has never worked anywhere else and doesn't want to. She says "It wasn't easy learning in the beginning and Sam has a pretty hot temper when you don't do things right. I was pretty clumsy too. But after he would bawl me out and maybe I'd be crying he'd come up and give me twenty dollars and say 'Forget it. There's a present from uncle Sam.'"

Sam Andrews might have launched out on more Panzé oyster bars if disaster hadn't struck his Shippegan oyster beds two years ago. The dreaded Malpeque disease which had wiped out the Malpeque oyster beds of Prince Edward Island thirty years ago suddenly struck the New Brunswick mainland beds swept up the coast and turned the New Brunswick beds into vast oyster graveyards. Andrews watched an investment of fifty thousand dollars vanish in a few weeks. But he moved quickly to preserve the unique quality of his oysters. The disease had not affected any of the oyster beds around the island of Miscou which thrusts out into the Atlantic beyond Shippegan and Sam moved in there and obtained a near monopoly of the catch. Since the Miscou oysters according to Sam keep better than the Malpeques, he is confident that he can weather the crisis until newly planted beds with disease-resistant oysters come into production. But he feels bitterly that the government was lax and inefficient in handling the crisis and that we are fifty years behind the times in Canada raising oysters. He sees an acute shortage of oysters for ten years to come and meanwhile he bemoans the fact that will present prices of oysters at an all-time high (large oysters, $3.00 a dozen; medium $2.00 and small $1.40) they are still a losing proposition to serve.

Just as Sam Andrews believes that the best oysters in the world come from New Brunswick, and that the best of these come from Shippegan, he also believes that the best soft-shell clams come from Lepreau in New Brunswick. But due to contamination soft shell clams cannot be shipped interprovincially and Andrews has paid a number of fines trying to smuggle those delicious clams out of the area. He still can't figure why the federal government forbids their shipment in the shell, though they can be shipped de-shelled in gallon containers. So he gets his soft-shell clams from the Gaspé where rough weather makes the supply erratic.

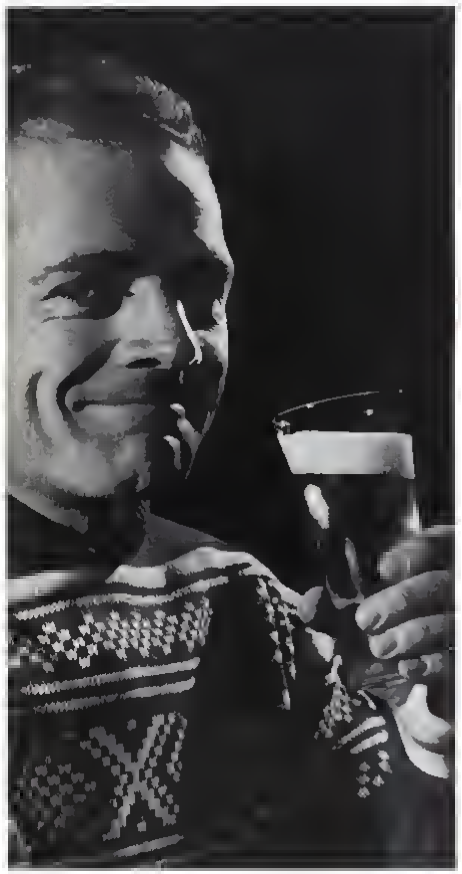
But he is particularly unhappy over the fact that the current dearth of Canadian oysters caused by the Malpeque disease, has created a big Canadian market for American blue point oysters, which in his opinion are roughly comparable to Canadian wine. They are big, they are fat but they have no juice and no tang. They will never satisfy the fanatics who have been weaned on juicy tangy Canadian oysters. Right now in Montreal Sam figures his is the only restaurant still serving Canadian oysters. The rest of Canada has been consuming American oysters for months. It will be years before they know the ultimate thrill of a real Canadian oyster.

Fried oysters are generally regarded as a memorable dish by the gourmet for oysters quickly lose their unique tenderness when they are subjected to great heat. But Sam's version calls for the oysters to be frozen before they are dipped in the batter; thus they are nicely thawed and deliciously tender by the time the batter turns golden brown.

Clam chowder is traditionally made with steaming (or soft-shelled) clams. But when Sam is in the mood he dreams up a clam chowder made with cherry stone clams that makes it almost impossible to enjoy the traditional version thereafter. But it is a tricky dish calling for such additional ingredients as shrimp and scallop and Sam has to be in the right mood to make it.

Yet life is not all clam chowder and oyster stew for Sam and Helena Andrews and their staff. Each summer Panzé's closes up for three weeks, and while the faithful walk the Montreal streets in distraction or take to drink, the Andrews, usually with the Chatron family, enjoy themselves at Old Orchard Maine. There Helena and Yvette bask in the sunshine and Sam slips over to Scarborough Downs to play the ponies. His record is uniformly unsuccessful, whereas Helena and Yvette once went partners on a race horse Minnie McCaw, which ran up quite a record in claiming races around Montreal and Toronto before it was claimed at Fort Erie.

However horses are the sole and rare distraction that Sam Andrews permits himself in his single-minded dedication to shellfish. And of all shellfish to him the oyster is king. "We'd be dead without oysters on the half shell" he says bluntly. And so to Sam Andrews belongs the rare distinction of reversing an old expression. He makes the oyster his world and he peoples it with rare and delectable dishes. ★



Here's a real man's ale—

FULL STRENGTH IPA

Labatt's India Pale Ale—what more could a man want! Here's an ale that's truly different in its hearty strength, its full-bodied character. A real ale, brewed for men who enjoy the natural tang of hops, the full satisfying flavour of malt. Carefully brewed in a century old tradition for men who demand the zest and snap of a full-strength ale. This is your ale—Labatt's India Pale Ale.



Anytime's a good time with

Labatt's INDIA PALE ALE



Mike Wardell's tempestuous love affair with the Meritimes continued from page 27

When she reigned as the toast of London, Tallulah nominated him as one of the "great beaux"

leadership which can inspire the gathering of forces powerful enough not only to influence Ottawa toward action but also to create remedies from within. That such leadership should come from a man not Maritime born and bred would hitherto have been considered impossible, even laughable. Yet Wardell immigrated from Britain only eight years ago.

Nevertheless Wardell's self-portrait as a leader of the Atlantic provinces toward greener economic pastures cannot be dismissed. As publisher of the lone daily paper in New Brunswick's capital and of a magazine which finds its way into the homes of influential down-easterners he is able to make his voice carry a long way. Add to that his undoubted genius for focusing attention on his pet projects. Add too the fact that his prestige has steadily grown in the few years since he adopted the lost seaside provinces as his bailiwick. Finally, Wardell has a record of nearly always getting what he wants, as even a few backward glances plainly reveal.

All play—and then work

In his youth for example, when his sole ambition was to glitter as a blade in the fun-loving set of Britain's high society he achieved a pinnacle of success matched by few. During the era when Edward Albert Prince of Wales was acknowledged sovereign of the playboy department Wardell as his friend strummed banjo duets with him in the royal railway car on the way to the hunt and matched broken collarbone with royal broken collarbone in uncounted spills from horses. In another sub-section of that department, Tallulah Bankhead then a toast of the London stage nominated him as one of the "great beaux" of the time.

Running out of bones to break (but not of fun ladies to enthrall) he was to marry three times, sire a son on each occasion), Wardell applied his "undoubted energies in a business career." The phrase was Wardell's own and his self esteem was justified. He took a job as a novice newspaperman on Lord Beaverbrook's London Evening Standard. In four years he was that paper's boss, building up its circulation to record proportions.

In 1944 Wardell seeking a way to help win the war developed the "Land Mattress, a light easily manoeuvrable artillery weapon which looked like a honeycomb made of lengths of narrow stovepipe mounted on a two-wheeled trailer. It fired thirty rockets at a time producing a tremendous simultaneous blast at the other end.

The British War Office, thinking the conflict's end imminent decided it was too late to use the device. Refusing defeat Wardell approached the Canadian Army. The result: he was attached to General Crerar's forces took a twelve-inch battery of his rocket device to help in the attack on heavily defended Walcheren Island. His first assignment was to knock out an emplacement of German guns. Salvos of three hundred and sixty rockets were fired; smoke obscured the target when it cleared, the enemy battery was no more. The Canadians from then on used the Land Mattress with devastating effect and once again Wardell had achieved exactly what he wanted.

Though losing his eye can hardly be classed as a Wardell accomplishment the surrounding details do shed light on the man's amazing strength of character.

Early in 1945 while out with the Belvoir Hunt he jumped a gate with overhanging blackthorns, a thorn penetrating his left eye. He rushed to London where the thorn was plucked out. Three weeks later when he was about to leave the hospital

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION RUN?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscription are reminded at this necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.



Young brave is heap smart Indian. But he needs powerful medicine to figure how many moons pale face's air wheel has journeyed. For today, tires will retain their tread pattern through many more miles of driving than was once thought possible. That's because the rubber used for today's tire treads is *synthetic*.

At the Polymer Corporation's 160 acre plant in Sarnia, we start right from the word go to create *rubber* that will give longer tread life. All around you in your daily life are articles made from *Polysar—the name for the 25 different rubbers made by Polymer Corporation. Polysar rubbers are constantly adding to your living comforts because each is designed to be best for its job.

POLYSAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER

*Registered trade mark

POLYMER CORPORATION LIMITED

SARNIA • CANADA

his doctor took a last look at the injury which was thought to be almost cured. The doctor gravely shook his head.

"I'm afraid it's all gone wrong," he said. "You'll have to lose that eye at once or later lose them both."

With typical British understatement Wardell recently recalled his feelings at the receipt of this ultimatum. "It seemed a devastating calamity for one brief moment," he said. "But I went back to jumping in a matter of weeks."

An unusual aspect of his pattern for living is Wardell's tendency to travel backwards toward his long-range goals. He does not envy for example, those men who go to work at an early age become successful, then pass into retirement when they are old. "I planned the reverse way," he once said, "and promised myself when play was done a life of toil to satisfy ambition. Work becomes part of life itself and should continue to the grave." In like vein while many a successful man becomes so by gaining experience in a small town then seeking broader scope for its use in a metropolis, Wardell reached the top in Beaverbrook's employ in the vastness of London, turned to tiny Fredericton to found his own business empire.

No onlooker indeed seeing Wardell walking down Queen Street to finish at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel would be likely to guess that he was a Frederictonian known at least by sight to nearly everyone in town. Minus his shell-rimmed eyeglasses which he discards when he's away from his desk, the Brigadier makes a picture of almost startling distinction in his Savile Row tweeds and his jet monocle, his hat straight on his head and wisps of silver-straight salt-and-pepper hair appearing below. His skin is smooth and pink, making him appear younger than he is. He walks with a brisk military swing, looking straight ahead past his aristocratically arched nose and does not appear to be at all interested in his fellow townsfolk of whom he is fully aware of local affairs. All of which proves once again how mistaken it is to rely upon appearances or impressions.

Several months ago for instance Wardell—who likes to travel about the eastern provinces in connection with his enterprises—happened to be in St. John's, Nfld. during a conference of the four Atlantic premiers and decided to double at the newsworthy event as a correspondent for his publications.

With a group of New Brunswick dignitaries he admired an oil painting of New Foundland's Premier Smallwood hanging in one of the Executive Council offices.

High John ought to get his portrait painted like Joey," one of the New Brunswickers remarked referring to his own premier. "We have lots of first-rate artists around N. B."

Wardell nodded. "Yes," he agreed solemnly with an overlay of down-east twang almost betraying his normal Etonian accent. "We don't want any damned Englishmen to come out and do it!"

According to his few Fredericton intimates, Wardell feels that he has become a Maritimer—although this does not prevent him from keeping up a flat in London, as well as his Welsh estate, or from visiting Britain several times a year.

He tends to shrug off the intense local curiosity regarding the reason for his settling in Fredericton where he lives in a modern three-room apartment on Regent Street.

They're not satisfied when I say I came here by chance and took a liking to the feel of things—they think I must have some frightful reason for fleeing from Britain." He also denies persistent rumours that Lord Beaverbrook, who maintains a home in Fredericton, was responsible for his decision to dwell there.

He does admit that Canadian vision in uniting his rocket battery during the war influenced his decision to move to Canada. It also seems probable that Beaverbrook played at least a passive part in pinpointing the town for him to light. Wardell makes no secret of his admiration for "the old man." In his memoirs he gets lyrical in the Atlantic Advocate but suspended halfway through because he thought his readers might be tiring of it. He said that Lord Beaverbrook "had an extraordinary affection for New Brunswick and from his stories of men and places I gained some little knowledge of its vigors and romances."

Since Wardell's regard for Beaverbrook came close to hero worship perhaps this background prompted him to jump at an invitation to fish salmon in New Brunswick's renowned Restigouche River. The effect came in 1950 when J. B. McNair, then premier of the province, who—like Wardell—was Beaverbrook's guest in Nassau.

In Fredericton as Wardell explains it, he met Wallace Crockett part-owner of the Gleaner and the Englishman's sister and turned to biggin fish then salmon. His persuaded Crockett and partners to sell him the newspaper for a reported three hundred thousand dollars. His circulation then was only about seven thousand but Wardell studied a map of N. B. saw Fredericton was near its centre—apparently ideally situated as a distribution point—and envisioned the application of his experience as a Fleet Street executive to make the daily sale of the Gleaner multiply. He also resolved to go into book publishing and to try to current the town's job-printing business.

Jubilant over his prospects, Wardell raced to England to arrange for capital to swing the deal. Some of it was his own, the remainder came from wealthy acquaintances. Then he returned to Fredericton in a fever to make substance of his dreams. The low-pressure down-east townsfolk gaped at him non-stop tactics as—flooding the old Gleaner quarters were too small—he purchased a larger building on Phoenix Square a few blocks up Queen Street, bought out two job-printing businesses to eliminate competition in that field imported staff from all over—printing technicians from Britain, others from the United States Europe and across Canada—until according to an erstwhile employee he had between a hundred and fifty and two hundred on the payroll.

He had hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of printing equipment sent from England including a hundred-and-thirty-thousand-dollar press when one half the cost might have done, and a thirty thousand-dollar binding machine which he was never to use and ordered half a dozen delivery trucks—four more than needed. By the time he was done he had spent, according to varying estimates from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 (His himself admits to having been allowed by the Bank of England to take a million and a half out of that country.)

An ex-employee from Wardell's early days in Fredericton blamed the first confusion on the publisher's misunderstanding of local conditions and geography. "He lined up local correspondents everywhere and had a map with them represented on it in colored pins like the quills on a porcupine. He thought he could operate like one of the great national dailies in Britain—selling papers in every hamlet in the province.

By this time the Brigadier was threwing an optimism about trying to discover where he had gone wrong. "Listen," he said to a reporter a veteran of the pre-Wardell Gleaner, "we have a better paper than it was, haven't we?"

The reporter readily admitted that for the new publisher had instituted a more vigorous editorial policy more up-to-date makeup more complete coverage of local news.

"Then why isn't our circulation going up?" Wardell demanded. "We're certainly centrally located in the province aren't we?"

"Centrally located yes, the reporter replied with crusty frankness "centrally located in the middle of the woods!"

From that moment Wardell concentrated on achieving the possible and with notable success. In the past five years, with Camp Gagetown bringing additional population to the area the Gleaner circulation has doubled to fourteen thousand daily. When in 1956, he bought a regional magazine and changed the title to the Atlantic Advocate it sold only about a thousand copies per issue now Wardell who likes to encourage Atlantic province writers as contributors, claims over all about twenty thousand. His job-printing business is going well. From all reports, only his book publishing venture, which began also by encouraging writers in the area but now seems to concentrate on titles for young children is not setting the world on fire.

Although more often than not Wardell supports Hugh John Flemming, the Conservative premier of New Brunswick he claims to be independent politically. The provincial Liberals don't believe he now favors Flemming when he once epithalized their former leader J. B. McNair now consider him to be their arch enemy. One high-echelon Liberal was heard to say in angry exasperation that he was tempted to pee on Wardell's other eye but the same man admitted that the Brigadier had considerably enlivened New Brunswick's hitherto-staid provincial capital.

We in N. B. had become used to a diet of milk toast editorials," he said. "Along came Mike Wardell and his editorials were attack attack attack. Now the people here are anxious to get the Gleaner to see whose bestocks he's beating that day." He added quickly "But that doesn't mean we have to like him. Right through the province people are either violently for or violently against him."

Last September, learning of a temperance convention in Halifax, Wardell seized the opportunity to make a speech also in Nova Scotia in which he declared millions of potential American tourists "won't come here to be bullied by our archaic and unreasonable liquor laws, based on prejudice and hatred of civil liberty." In Nova Scotia liquor can be purchased only by the bottle.

As was doubtless anticipated, this provided both fuel and tinder to the temperance folk, who officially resolved that such liquor advocates as Mr. Wardell insult every intelligent citizen." An account of this head-on clash appeared in newspapers across the country. Then Wardell having created his own nation-wide fanfare wrote another in a series of blistering editorials against the drinking laws.

As the controversy abated temporarily Wardell looked around with his good eye for other topics of dissension—which have ranged in the past all the way from preservation of Fredericton's elm trees (he is violently for it) to fluoridation (he is bitterly against) to Prime Minister Diefenbaker's failure to approve payment to Newfoundland of thirteen million dollars which most Canadians consider is money due to Newfoundland by constitutional right." In fact he rates his pressure upon Dr. Diefenbaker "to implement his election promises to help the Maritimes," as proof that being editorially independent he is for the Atlantic provinces first last and always.

Perhaps that last sentiment is one of the reasons Premier Flemming counts himself one of Wardell's admirers. "The Atlantic provinces," he said not long ago, "are fortunate to have him adopt them."

Wardell appears to agree but he also considers himself lucky in have chosen Canada's Ile Est as the place fully to explore his own capabilities.

"I've fallen in love with this area and won't go away from it very much any more" he confided in an interview. "It would be disastrous for me to miss the exciting years ahead. With Brig. Wardell around in six things up how could the years be anything else? ★



HOOVER
Constellation
for the very best in home care

saves you time and trouble as you clean!

First canister cleaner with the on-off switch right on the handle! Takes the running out of cleaning. You use your thumb to save your feet!

When the phone rings, or you want to move the furniture it turns on and off right where you are, not way back at the cleaner. See the new Hoover Constellation with double-stretch hose, new low-silhouette nozzle, powerful suction. Complete with a full set of cleaning tools.

Just as you'd expect
—Hoover again leads the way in easy cleaning!



You are investing in more than just a
HEARING AID
You are starting a fuller, more profitable life





Only a **ZENITH "LIVING SOUND" HEARING AID**
is the product of the same 40 years of sound research that brought you world-famous Zenith Quality TV, Hi-Fi and Radio.

Your doubts and fears are gone. Great hopes are fulfilled. You are sure, now, that a hearing aid can bring back the joy of sound you once knew. For you are the proud owner of a Zenith Living Sound Hearing Aid!

To bring you this wonderful assistance Zenith engineers and technicians have spent 40 years probing and searching in the complex science of sound. And with this experience, they realize more than ever that true *quality of sound isn't built into any hearing aid simply by saying so.*

Zenith's Quality of Living Sound is based upon a thorough understanding of the problems caused by hearing loss. Zenith achieves this quality by devoting its great resources and modern sound laboratories to the development of better and better sound reproduction.

Because Zenith has reached new heights in sound reproduction in Television, High Fidelity and Radio —and because millions know it from experience with these superb Zenith products—isn't it natural that you would look first to the hearing aid leader for the solution to such an important personal problem as that of your precious hearing?

You will find your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer skilled understanding more anxious to help you than merely to make a sale. Go to him assured that he represents the greatest name in electronics. He's listed in the "Yellow Pages." Ask about a demonstration in your home.

There are 11 Zenith Quality Hearing Aids each sold on a 30-day money-back guarantee. Every accessory and spare After Purchase Protection Plan.
Always use Zenith Label Batteries in your hearing aid.

ZENITH
"LIVING SOUND"
HEARING AIDS

LEARNING TO HEAR AGAIN?

FREE BOOKLET For one all be mail this to us! He tells us how one can be restored to the world of sound read Grace Thornton's Learned to Hear Again published by Zenith Radio Corp. For your free copy plus descriptive literature on Zenith Hearing Aids just write

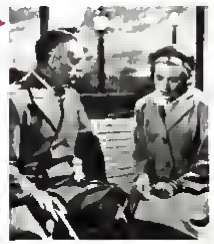
Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada
Dept. C060 1470 The Queensway
Toronto 14 to Canada

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE NO.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET



SEPARATE TABLES: Deborah Kerr → her beauty hidden under the mousy facade of a faded and timid spinster, proves again that she is one of the finest actresses on the international screen. Almost equally convincing is David Niven as a hollow fraud who keeps boasting about his imaginary military exploits—and stealthily molesting the women sitting near him in movie theatres. Both are among the theatrical but interesting characters in Terence Rattigan's drama about life in a drab English seaside boarding-house. The effective cast also includes Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth and Gladys Cooper.

THE BUCCANEER: The late Cecil B. DeMille "supervised" this sluggish historical melodrama but did not actually produce it or direct it, and it might have benefited from some of the old showman's flamboyance. Handsomely photographed, it shows the Americans defending New Orleans against the British. Yul Brynner (with hair) portrays the gentlemanly pirate Jean Lafitte with Charlton Heston as General Andy Jackson.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA: Bernard Shawe 1906 satire on the foibles of the medical profession in Edwardian London has inevitably lost much of its original ironic point. Considerable taste and intelligence have gone into this British film version of the play but I found it dragging before the finish. With Dirk Bogarde, Leslie Caron, Alastair Sim, Robert Morley.

HE WHO MUST DIE: There are crudities in some of the acting performances but director Jules Dassin has fashioned a powerful and haunting drama in this French film about moral and political tensions in a Cretan village (under Turkish occupation) after the First World War.

IT HAPPENED IN ROME: The scenic glories of Italy are much more delectable than the silly drawn-out story in an Anglo-Italian romantic comedy about three girls on a holiday tour of Europe.

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!: In Max Shulman's novel the offside digs and nudges in all directions were a lot funnier than the plot, a farcical yarn about a Connecticut town's efforts to intimidate the United States Army. In the film nothing *but* the plot emerges, and the merriment becomes somewhat hoarse and strained. With Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Joan Collins.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: Sexy drama of Deep South. Good
Curse of the Faceless Man: Fantasy. Good
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
Dunkirk: War drama. Good
The Fearmakers: Drama. Good
From the Earth to the Moon: 1868 science fiction adventure. Fair
Gaisha Boy: Jerry Lewis farce. Poor
Gigi: Musical. Excellent
The Hanging Tree: Western. Fair
Home Before Dark: Drama. Fair
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
Ice Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good
The Joe of the Sloth Hagglecotes: China drama. Good but long.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good
I Want to Live!: Death-cell drama. Good
I Was Monty's Double: True-life bona thriller. Good
Johnny Rocco: Crime drama. Fair
The Last Hurrah: Comedy-drama. Good.
Law and Disorder: Comedy. Good.
The Man Inside: Crook drama. Fair
Mardi Gras: Comedy with music. Good especially for Teen Set
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good
My Uncle: French comedy. Fair
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Good
Outcast: War comedy. Fair
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent
La Parisienne: French farce. Good.
Party Girl: Gang drama. Good
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good
The Gods of Mavaron: Drama. Good.
Sea of Sand: Desert war. Fair
7th Voyage of Sinbad: Arabian Nights adventure for children. Good
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair
Some Came Running: Drama. Good.
Tom Thumb: Fairy-tale comedy. Good for adults, excellent for children.
Tonka: Indian boy meets wonder-horse. Good for youngsters.
The Tunnel of Love: Comedy. Fair
White Wilderness: Nature documentary. Excellent.
The Wind Cannot Read: Drama. Good.

How I found the men who killed my son

Continued from page 25

and this time we took along the advertisement Jean-Claude had clipped from the Jan. 8 1958 issue of *La Presse*.

"Here is how you can help me," I told the police. "The man who put this ad in the paper hired my son. He must know where Jean-Claude is."

The police looked politely at the clipping. It was a short ad, asking for a bachelor with a recent model car who was free for long trips. The pay was six hundred dollars a month and bonus, and there was a box number Jean-Claude had written to. The police read it and handed it back. There was still nothing they could do, they said. Running an ad in a newspaper was no crime, but I could go to *La Presse* and ask *them* who put the ad in their paper.

We went to the newspaper. Again no. The men there said they couldn't hand out the names of their advertisers to everybody who came along. If I brought the police, they said, and the police told them it was official business, then maybe they could help.

The police, the newspaper, everywhere we went the answer was the same. There were regulations, forms. It mattered little that I knew in my heart something wrong had happened to my son. So long as there was no evidence and no crime, there was nothing anybody could do. We went home, to wait again for the telephone call that never came.

The next week isn't clear to me now. I think I prayed much of the time. By Friday, I felt I had to do something again. What? God help me, I didn't know.

That Friday was Feb. 21, almost a month to the day since Jean-Claude had driven away. That Friday was the day Claire saw the car.

She telephoned me in the middle of the afternoon. "I've seen it! I've seen Jean-Claude's car!" I heard her say, and it was a moment or two before I heard more. Claire had recognized the blue Pontiac passing the taxi she was riding in, she said, and asked her driver to follow it. She counted off on the license plate—60-444—there was no doubt. It was Jean-Claude's car.

So I followed in my taxi until the car stopped and the man driving went into a store, and I called a cop and told him the man was driving my friend's car and the police held the man but he pushed me and tried to get away and the policeman fired his gun in the air," Claire said. She was too excited to stop for breath. "More police came, and they're taking him to the Sûreté and I'm going too. I'll tell you the rest when I come home." She rang off before I could ask anything.

In the same second I phoned Roger and then my son-in-law Marcel, but of course they were both away at work. I walked the floor until Claire came, when she rang the bell she had two police officers with her. Lieut. Cookson had asked them to come, they said, to tell me he had interviewed the men who had Jean-Claude's car. There was nothing wrong. The papers were perfectly legal, and they showed Jean-Claude had sold his car to the man for a thousand dollars and four oil paintings.

"*Mon dieu!* What is the name of this man? Who has my son's car when my son has vanished and still you say everything is legal?" This time I did shout.

It was a Monsieur Hector Perrier, they told me, and they gave me his address from the car registration papers. Maybe they were afraid I'd fly at them if they didn't.

Supper was hardly over before everybody was at the house. Roger, Pauline and Pauline's husband Marcel Micheline and Claire and I. For me this impossible story could mean only one thing: if the car was the only sign we had of Jean-Claude, we must go to the car. And according to the address the police had given me, the car was in Ville St. Jacques. That was the suburb where Jean-Claude had gone to rendezvous at the shopping centre with Monsieur Dennis, before they drove to New York. It was little, but it was better than the anguished emptiness of the last weeks.

We all piled into Marcel's Monarch and he drove to Ville Jacques Cartier. Marcel parked a few houses down from the number we were looking for: 1207 St. Thomas Street, and turned off his lights. If this man had done something wrong he might try to run away. So I would go to the door, who would run from a woman barely five feet tall who never weighed more than a hundred pounds in her life? Roger chipped around



Daughter Micheline, 17, aided her mother in hunting Jean-Claude's murderer

to the laneway behind the shabby square building and Marcel stood in shadow, not far from the door. The rest stayed in the car while I walked up and rang.

Perhaps I should have been frightened. I wasn't. I could only think that now I might learn something about my son. But when the door swung back there were only two young girls there, the older about fourteen, behind them a huddle of smaller children, too many to count. Later I learned there were nine altogether.

The older girl saved me the trouble of making up a story about why I was there. "If you've come to rent the house you can't see it now. My father's not home," she said, and started to close the door.

"But when will he be back?" I asked quickly. "I have to see the house."



"I don't know. But when he comes we'll tell him you were here. What is your name in he'll know who it was?"

My name! If this man knew Jean Claudin's mother was looking for him, what might he do? I searched my mind. "Madame Paquette," I said. Did I think of the Jamens hockey player I like to watch on television, the Pocket Rocket whose name sounds the same? Maybe.

I went back to the car. Regge and Marcel followed and we bent our heads together in the darkness. "Exactly what did this Monsieur Poirier tell you about Jean-Claudin again? Claire while the police were holding him?"

"He said that Monsieur Dennis made Jean-Claudin sell his car because he needed a bigger one for his job. He said the last time he saw them Jean-Claudin and Monsieur Dennis they were on their way to Granby to do secret work. Nothing else."

Then we must go to Granby even at night on the snowy roads. There in the little town we drove up and down the main street and cross-crossed the side streets looking for a sign. Once we saw a white Lincoln parked at the curb. We took down the number and drove to the police station. No. The sergeant told me the white Lincoln didn't belong to anybody named Dennis. He was sorry, but he couldn't help us; nobody like Monsieur Dennis and Jean-Claudin had been in the town as far as he knew.

Back we went to the streets up and down, back and forth, but there was nothing. We returned to the one place where something of Jean-Claude remained: the house of his man Poirier in Ville Jacques Cartier.

It was long past midnight when we turned into the dark little street, but still the blue Pontiac was missing. Wait, we watched: a car turned in at the house next to Poirier's. A couple with two children began to unload their bags from a trip. I jumped out and crossed the street.

This time I had my story ready. We had sold a car to Poirier. I told the woman but hadn't yet been paid for it. She could do us a great favor by giving me the phone number. Then if he showed any signs of skipping out she could tell me. She was glad to help. She gave me her number and we drove home.

That night I slept and early the next morning I phoned Poirier's neighbor. "They're packing right now," she told me. "You were right. They must be skipping out without paying you for the car."

Now I needed help. Roger and Marcel? They were both away at work. The police? I phoned the nursing person's bureau but by now I almost expected the answer. "Madame, we can't arrest a man for piling bundles in his car. Compose yourself." My sister-Theo. Her son Norman was just Jean-Claudin's age; they lived across the road from our house on Drolet Street and within minutes Norman was at the door with their family car.

At St. Thomas Street I told Norman to go a block past Poirier's house and approach by a cross-street. We parked just around the corner from the grey house where we could watch without being seen. Poirier and his wife—not his wife I found out later; Mrs. Eddie Larochelle, the woman who lived with him—were loading Jean-Claudin's car with boxes and suitcases. After almost an hour the couple and a boy of about thirteen got into the car and drove off. The other kids stayed behind.

At first we followed nasily. Poirier drove to a grocery store not far away and parked. The woman and boy stayed in the car while he shopped. Soon after he started off again he began driving like a crazy man. "He knows he's being followed," Norman said. "He's trying to lose us."

Can I ever forget that chase? For all of three hours we ran after Jean-Claudin's blue Pontiac through the Saturday traffic. The streets were sloppy with snow and the car ahead skidded and spun, raced through intersections, dashed down one way streets going the wrong way, twisted and turned. Once we lost sight of the blue bank, and though we circled desperately we couldn't find it. But turning for home we met the Pontiac almost head-on at the next intersection. The chase ended on the driver ahead finally decided to stop running near the corner of Rimfeau and Allard. We stopped a little way behind, and he walked back to Norman's car. I rolled down the window of the back seat.

"Who are you?" he called as he came up. "Why are you following me?"

I'm Madame Paquette." I told him. This was the man who had my son's car, small about five and a half feet with hair grey on the sides and a thin face. Quick with the hands and the words a man to talk and make you believe. If you met him you'd say: "My friend there's a big-shot, maybe a lawyer."

He knew the name I gave. "You're the woman who came to rent my house last night. Yes, my son saw you out of the bank window of my car and told me. But that doesn't mean you have to follow me. What are you trying to do?

He was cross examining *me!* "Get into the car," I said. "I want to be frank with you." He sat beside me. "I am Jean-Claude Perreault's mother."

For a moment I sweat: his face changed color. He took off his glasses and spun them in his fingers. "I want to know how it came you've got my son's car. I want to know the truth."

Who is Dennis?

Monsieur Poirier said he would be honest with me. He too, he said, had answered the advertisement in La Presse and he had been interviewed by Dennis even before Jean-Claude. But he had no car, he was turned down. A few days later Dennis phoned him and asked him to come to the Ville Jacques Cartier shopping centre at night. Jean-Claude was there with Dennis, who said the youngster needed a heavier car than the one he had. If Poirier wanted to buy Jean-Claude's car he could have it for a thousand dollars. "I had a chance to buy a good car cheap so I took it," Poirier told me. Jean-Claude had gone off to buy a new Lincoln with Monsieur Dennis. Now that he had a car, he Poirier had been promised a chance at the next job that came open in Monsieur Dennis' organization. He was waiting to hear from him.

I felt my hope of finding Jean-Claudin slipping away. I took one more again. "You must tell me about Monsieur Dennis. Who is he? What does he look like? How can I find him?"

Dennis, he said, was a big business man. Big in the body too—about two hundred and twenty pounds and at least six feet with shiny black hair. But his work was secret; who knew how to find him?

It was too much. "I don't care about the car. Keep it!" I cried. "All I want is my son. You've got to help me find him. You're the only one who knows Dennis." My pleas seemed to mean him. He took down my telephone number and said he'd do what he could and phone me. I'll be found anything. But then I remembered there was something guilty about this man.

"If you're telling me the truth," I asked, "why are you leaving your house?"

What? Have I no right to move? You go too far."

"Well then, prove to me that you're being honest. Tell me where your new house is so I can find you."

"I'll do better than that," he said and stuck his hand out the open window. "Taxi!" he called, and the boy in Jean Claude's car waved. "Bring me the lease." He showed it to me. "Now do you doubt me?"

There was no doubt. I said that he was being honest with me. But I studied the numbers of his new address and said them over again in my mind. "Until then, Monsieur, you will help me find my son?" He promised and said his phone and the next day. When he was gone I told Norman to write down his new address, 17 Petite-Assomption Repentigny.

Noon came and went the next day with no call from Poirier. I had no patience for waiting. It was Sunday and an old friend of mine whose family had a car was free for the day. She drove me to Repentigny and we passed the house a couple of times before she stopped. This was a bigger house than the other one but just as dingy, two stories with a glassed-in veranda. I crossed myself and went up the steps.

It was the woman I'd seen the day before in Jean Claudin's car who opened the door. Dark and surly she stood back to let me inside the storm door onto the veranda. When she pulled the door shut behind me she slammed it as hard



Of course, only grown-ups really appreciate a BNS Personal Security Program.

"Who said I couldn't save?"

Everyone—from six to fifty-six—can save with The Bank of Nova Scotia's exclusive Personal Security Program. You may never have been able to save before, but with PSP your savings goal is *insured* ... you can't miss!

Drop in at your nearest Bank of Nova Scotia branch and find out about PSP. And while you're there, ask about the many other helpful services the BNS has to offer. Don't put it off, come in *today*!

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

More than 500 branches across Canada and in London • New York • Jamaica • Cuba • Puerto Rico
Dominican Republic • Bahamas • Trinidad • Barbados. Correspondents the world over.



Changing your address?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:
Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine,
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ontario.

P.S. Your postmaster also needs your new address. Fill out a Post Office change-of-address card.



THERE'S A LIGHTNESS ABOUT LORD CALVERT
A LIGHTNESS THAT DEPENDS ON
SMOOTHNESS, MELLOWNESS
AND MATURITY

TAKE A GOOD LOOK
AT A GREAT WHISKY

BUT
WHY TALK
ABOUT IT? IT'S ALL
THERE TO TASTE AND ENJOY AND
YOUR OWN GOOD TASTE IS THE ONLY TEST THAT MATTERS.

CALVERT CROWN FOR CANADIAN HOSPITALITY

against my back that I was thrown up against the ice box on the opposite wall. Through the inside door I heard him call upstairs for Poirier, and before he came down I saw a minute of men sitting in shirtsleeves in the front room.

They looked at me with strange flat eyes. Then Poirier was there, and I asked him for news.

My God, woman," he said. "Can't you leave me alone for a day? I'm moving. I'm too dirty to be seen on the street." He showed me his hands. It was true. They were grimy. "As soon as I know something, I'll phone you. I promise." He turned and went back upstairs. There was nothing I could do but go back the way I came.

Now I lived for the telephone. There was still the hope that Jean-Claude might call. I wouldn't let it die that this despairing hope. And there was the call coming from this Miguel Poirier. But no call came. The next Sunday Marcel was usual drove Pauline and their little girl to Repentigny to visit his mother who lived not many blocks from Poirier's house. I went along, and that afternoon I walked through the fresh snow to the peeling grey house. The driveway was empty, and the children told me their parents were away in the car.

That night I went back with my son Roger. Again a household of kids but no Marcel. Poirier. On Wednesday my sister picked me up in her family's car, and we drove to Repentigny. When the boy Tito answered my knock and saw me he shouted, "My father's not home!" and slammed the door in my face.

"Enough," Roger said when I told him this. The information operator gave us the number for Poirier at his new address, and late that night Roger called and told me he'd spoken to Poirier at last. We'd have to wait, Poirier said, he'd been too busy to look for Dennis, but now he had time. He'd call us back.

For two days I hung over the phone. We heard nothing. On Friday I told Roger we must do something to make this man Poirier help us. he told us only his. We decided that Roger would go to Neuvilles et Poiins a weekly newspaper that has a section set aside for news about crime and criminals, and ask them to print the whole story.

Now at last someone listened to our fears for Jean-Claude. On Monday the paper printed everything we knew about the mystery, including Poirier's part in it. This time we didn't have to rue after. Poirier. He called Roger a couple of days after the story was in the paper, and asked him to come to a roadhouse in Repentigny for a talk. "He wants me to come alone," Roger said when he phoned me afterward. "And he asked me to drive across the little wooden bridge at Terrebonne instead of the big Sherbrooke Charlemagne bridge. A trap, I think. Maybe now we're going to learn something."



MACLEAN'S

"Jos could you lend me a sandwich? The wife's still mad at me!

In some ways this was the worst wait of all. This wait for Roger to call back. The phone rang just before midnight. "There was nobody at the roadhouse where he was supposed to meet me," I heard Roger say... and I thanked God. This son was safe. Roger had taken three of his biggest workmen with him, and when nobody showed up at the roadhouse they'd gone to Poirier's house. He told me to send my man away, and I laughed. Roger said. Then Poirier told him he'd gone himself to the police to Lieut. Cookson to affix help in the search for Jean-Claude. And already he had made a start. Within days he promised we'd have a call or a letter from Jean-Claude.

And so I waited again. This time though, the wait wasn't empty. After Roger's visit we'd all met at my house and agreed that Poirier must be watched. From that night Roger and Marcel and some of their workmen kept watch on the house in Repentigny. They watched through the chill nights for a week and a day, always at least two men in a car and three cars shuttling back and forth so that there would be some sleep for all. On the ninth night the blue Pontiac was gone, and a couple of days later Poirier's promise came true.

Guy Lalabree, the reporter for Nouvelles et Poiins who had written our story the week before, phoned Roger to tell him he had a letter. Roger should know about it. It had been mailed the day before. March 24, in Baltimore, and it was in English, written in shaky printed letters. It said, Jean-Claude was fine. "Nobody's making him stay here," the letter said, "and he's happy and well paid for what he's doing. If Dennis made him sell his car so he could get a newer one that's none of your business, get it? We can get more by the dozen." Perreault knew what he was doing when he came here. As long as he does what he's told he'll be just fine. The letter also spoke of Poirier. "We know he's been to see the cops. Tell him we're watching every move he makes. You better tell him to take it easy and mind his own business, or he's going to take a tumble." It was signed, "The boys at this end."

Impossible to believe a word. And yet the letter said Jean-Claude was satisfied. If only this could be true. But if Jean-Claude was well, nothing could stop him from calling me to himself. Now it seemed another frightening wait must begin, with this new anguish of unknown men waiting about my son.

But there was no wait to fear now. The next day, Thursday, the car was back outside Poirier's house. Late that afternoon Roger got Poirier on the phone. Poirier said the letter from Baltimore scared him. If those men decided to go after him he might be hurt. They had a powerful organization. But even so he said, he'd still do anything he could to help us find Jean-Claude.

You wrote the letter yourself, when you were away," Roger accused. Poirier denied everything. "Good," Roger said. "Then you'll come with us to Granby to-night." Poirier made excuses, but finally agreed to go to Granby with Roger and Marcel.

This time I didn't hope. When Marcel stopped at my house late that night and told me they'd been to the town police and the RCMP in Granby but discovered nothing, I only shook my head.

It was Marcel who found the last proof of the thing we all feared. Secretly I'd known the truth for many days now. I suppose, but I wouldn't let myself believe it. Marcel found Dennis.

It was at the car wash where Marcel goes every Friday. To pass the time while he waited for his car he talked with a man he'd seen there before a man named Yves Bacon. Bacon told Marcel about the disappearance of his brother-in-law and went over the whole story back wards. When he came to the beginning Bacon perked with surprise. He had answered that same advertisement in La Presse himself, but the job had sounded too good to be true. He'd told Dennis he'd talk to his lawyer about it and never heard from Dennis again.

You know Dennis then?" Marcel asked. A great big six-footer with black hair?"

"Are you crazy?" Bacon said. "Dennis is a little guy, no more than five foot five, with his going grey around the sides."

It was a stroke of Providence, this meeting. But when I heard there was no relief for me in the words. "Police in Dennis." Marcel said, and I was terribly afraid. Because this really meant there was no Mister Dennis, no secret job at the Empire State Building, nothing. It left only one question of all the answerless questions that had wrenched me for two months. What had Poirier done with my son?

Through the window—proof

The next day I knew. But that same night Roger and Marcel convinced Bacon he should come with them to the police. And even now there was no help at the Sûreté. From the police files Bacon identified a picture of Poirier. He was a lifelong criminal. Roger told me later, who had been in jail more than thirty of his fifty-one years. He was also beyond doubt Dennis. The police wrote this down and said that if Poirier should prove to have committed a crime the information would be very useful. For the moment there was nothing they could do.

There was one more thing we could do. From the Sûreté Roger and Marcel drove Bacon to Repentigny. While Bacon sat in the dark car and Marcel stood ready below the steps in the shadow, Roger went into the house. He was carried to stand by the unshuttered window, and Poirier stood beside him. Poirier repeated his old promises; in the car later Bacon said it was the same man—Dennis.

It was very late when Roger phoned to tell me what had happened that night. I listened carefully, of course, but it made little difference to me now. I lay awake through the rest of the night. My mind wasn't on the man who was Dennis. It was with my son.

The next day was Sunday. In the early afternoon there was a special announcement on the radio. The body of a young man had been found. The body was described. Police, the announcer said, thought it might be that of an ex-prize fighter who had been missing for many months. I knew it was not.

Roger did the rest. He didn't tell me—none of them told me—to spare me. Late that afternoon Roger drove to Repentigny. Pauline, my older daughter, and three of his workmen were with him. He and Pauline stood in the glassed-in veranda where I had been thrown against the ice box and Roger told Poirier that he had dreamed the night before. In his dream he said, Poirier killed Jean-Claude, brutally. "You are mad!" Poirier said, and his skin was like ashes.

On Monday morning Roger identified the body. Dear God, there could be no mistake. Then, for the last time, Roger told the police the story of our search for Jean-Claude.

Hector Poirier was arrested an hour before dawn on Tues. April 1, 1958, on the Sherbrooke-Charlemagne bridge. This is the same bridge Roger Perreault had crossed to reach the Repentigny house instead of the deserted Terrebonne bridge. Poirier had told him to use. The arresting officers found a loaded pistol taped to the floorboards of the blue Pontiac. Later, at Poirier's house they took four more men into custody. All four had criminal records, and were spoken of during Poirier's trial as his "gang." They were the men Marie-Perreault saw on her first trip to Repentigny.

In his first statement Poirier insisted that he had last seen Jean-Claude Perreault in the company of Dennis. Faced with the evidence provided by the Perreault family and Yves Bacon, he made a second statement.

The entire Dennis fiction he said was a scheme to get his hands on a car. At the Jacques Cartier shopping centre he persuaded Jean-Claude to sign a work contract, necessary, he told young Perreault, for the secret assignments the boy was to undertake. This signature was the basis for the transfer of the car's ownership to Poirier. Two hours later, when the car was parked at a deserted crossing, he hit Jean-Claude on the head with an iron bar. The blow killed him. Poirier drove the car through the night, including a trip to Ottawa, and bank with the body in the trunk. In the morning, he dismembered the body and abandoned it.

Henri Poirier was tried in Montreal and sentenced to hang on Feb. 27, 1959. ★



PULLING UP STAKES?

For early Canadians, pulling up stakes was a heap, big problem. Take moving today — how much easier, safer and smoother, it is for you. In Allied service, you have the dream that become a reality. With a spin of the telephone dial, your moving worries vanish.

When you move, give your Allied agent a call. The first, the biggest, the all-Canadian Van Line.

ALLIED VAN LINES LTD.



You don't have to wait to ENJOY LIFE

Today, winter vacations in the South may be within the reach of many people of relatively modest means
—provided they have their financial affairs in good order

Once a man has made some adequate provision for his wife and children if he doesn't live—

And that he will have money every month to pay the bills if he becomes disabled—

And that he and his wife will have the means to get along comfortably when he retires...

THEN he can go places, see things, and enjoy life—with a free mind!

YOU CAN REALLY LIVE TODAY, WHEN THE FUTURE IS SECURE

LONDON LIFE *Insurance Company*
Head Office: London, Canada

Miners from the Cariboo would wash their feet in champagne, eat ten-pound notes as pills

"a general gilt of exciting thn poetical and inventivn lunities in peculiarly sof emn tones of mind." A CPR lunetaihn al 1887 lot naimpln talkn of "solitary peaks on thnit way to heaven" and a modern one promises its passengers "an onidon symphony of cascadny rapids and mountain trails and scenic grandnir." A popultn tonrist book gets even more lost in mixed mntaphor with "tremendnus peaks lifting thnir foreheads beyond the clouds." "Inarfel canyons hiding then feet in enimagnnable depthn" "grnat levnthless glnniers nreeping down from frozen desolatnon and airy vnils of silvery watni falln transformed by moonlight into a vernahln palace of dreamn

Who first saw these wondern and who first lived nmong them in yet another mystery Mnny writers including Dr George M Dawson of the Cnnadian geological scrvey seem to think thn Indinan did not live in thn Rnck es until early in the nineteenth centnry Bn thn does not explain David Thompson's nccount of finding herdn of wild horses in the Colembia veiley in 1807 It does not satnsly Prof Charles Bordon of the Univ ersity of British Columbin who thinkn prehistoric men may havn lived n thn Rocky Mountetn lrennh and it does not explain how Bicnne Englet e mountainnet of Buell cnme to discover e eave decnrated with well paintings which a Calgery archaeologist believes nie more than one thousand years old

Whetever the nnswer to these mysteries it seems fnirly plain that the history of Rocky Mountain hahletnon by white men falls into four main chapters, much as the moetainy themselven fall into four main topographical divisions The four hills might reasonably be compared to the period of enily explanatnon the crazy twisted lront ranges to the age of lenacy known as the gold rush Bhe massive lnrzontelly upliftel main ranges to the massive thrust of the CPR railwey and the nomplneated western ranges to the final chapter of mountain histnay with the sweet wiee el plenty in its nilver lined cleed alweys ready to lell with the drenching seldsnuwn el maen tain nunny

Three railwey lines cross the mnun tainn the Crowsnest Pess line of the CPR to the south the CNR through Yellowheed Pass el lespet to the nouth and the mnin line of thn CPR through Kicking Herse Pass near Banll said to offer the finest scenery el any railway in the world Leaving Calgary nn thin line the train travels hlr seventy miles through tranped looking foothills whose hidden contortionn beer compatisse to the ro mnntnzed story el thn white men's discovery of the Rockies This is enenlly told as a testament to dninterested hero ism bet lor the most part it is really a shabby tale of lvidity leslere end lrustrated hope

In then lonevs into the Rockies Mackenzie and Brasel both l nled to find what they were looking lor—an overland passage to the Pacific Thompson found the Columbin Rivet bet it never became e lei trading roete Mnny travelns lol lewed these pioneers el the lir trade bn then discovnries did litle more than strengthen the lnbel that these wild wonders el the nyw world were nrev ocally opposed to hemenity

Around 1858 exactly when and where and by whom is another mystery gold was discovered on the Fraser and the implacable penks then secrein still in lnd looked down on a new invasion by white man It was an nin convulsed by lenatic passions of greed and risk taking an lar above thn sabet stirrings of thn fur tradnrs as thn wild contorted lront ranges are above thn stunted foothills. It was nn nen of the nwandln whnn men asked to be deped and whnn thny nmhi sced death and dinaster an lightly as a monn tam Shrugs a thousand tons of rock off a crenelated shoulder

Thn cruelest swindln of nll was that devised by the Overland Transit Company an English organization that lured thn nnnnspecting to thn wilds of Canada by advertising "ships hln palaces" going across the Atlantis. "luxurious stages over the prairies and comfortahln narn vann" from Edmenton to the gold fields of the Cariboo. Mlleneously some of the victims reached the Inchiln near their enthusiasm endimmished. One Overlandern diary records that the Mictie River neat Jasper enelonned not only gold bet precnon stones and another says "the mointains have enough neal for all England lar a thousand years." But as they struggled on lont lront lenper toward the Cnriboo. the Overlandern were desined to be dnped once more thru nme by the Rockies Most of them dnd On the bodies of sornn nvs evidenne of can nibalism Of the few who survived cone nn known to have lound gold

Other prospectors, who left testaments to their widely scattered origins in meee tern creekn named Glasgow Galway Rome Liverpool. Limerick Lisbon and Paris were leeker For them seal e writer of the day "it was a halcyon ere when gold dust was accounted nothing and miners who had spent nix weekn in Cariboo would come down to the capital and call for all the nhampagne in e hotel to wash their leet eat ten pnend notes as pills or as a sandwich with e slice of pork to light their pipes with them." Bet how much gold they took out of the mountains is anothn mystery Thn ofchives of British Colembia put it at upponxm ately nine million dollers Arsenal Cranbrook the lowered figure is twenty million

However much it was the gold rnh was over in lnn years A dozen towes like Barkerville once the biggest city nenth west of Chicago vanished as though nwept away by an avalanche All that remains is ruins scattered over the mountains runn without beauty or thn dignity of age nnghnind graves rubble heapt and sagging phnnom nhacks their glassless windown staring in dismey at the nntural wondnrs that destroyed thnm

The outcome of the gold rnsh was a movemnet to secnn the trensores of the west in a nnited Canada and when it came thn mountains watched a period in thnir history nn diffnrent from those thnt went before and camn nlnn as the main ranges are diffnrent from those to the east and those to thn west British Columbin a nnown colony nnce 1858 agreed to jnin the new confedenlation of Canada—provided a railwny was bnilt ovnr the mountains. Thn worst barriers to this project were the main ranges of thn Rockies, a formidable chain strenhning from Mount Assiniborne in thn south to Mount Robson in thn north and lnrni hnr on pninre posteruds at least nll over the world

These ranges differ from the other ranges in the Rocky Mountain system because of thnt great height just as the historical period of the railroad differs from other periods because of the colossal dimensnon of the endertaking. The main ranges contain nearly all the glenmn in the system

"Not worth keeping"

In the period of the railroad ropesed all the ny fears let the future of Canada ov e nation And as the main ranges lunlike the convulsed and overterned ranges to the east and the west seem to have benn peshed up horizontally from beneath the earth's nurface by two straight lines of underlying thrust, one lrom the east and one lrom thn west so was the railroad finally henlt by two straight lines of thent one lrom the east and one lrom the west

Bet before construction began in what Rupert Brooke once called "this horrid wilderness," nine years elapsed eleven serveys were mede a government lell Confederation was almost wrecked and the Rockies had swallowed up more dollars than there were people in the in secure nation By 1879 British Colembie was threatening to secede and in 1881 the federal government handed the problem of crossing the Rockies to the Canadian Pacnin Railway Company lo Canada, as nlsewhere the plans of these daring capitalists apposed derinve skepti nism "It is impossible to believe that they are such fools as to put their money in thm mad project" said a writn in the English magazine Tintk. "I would as soon credit them with a willingness to subscribe hard cash in support of a scheme to utilize inbergs British Colnm bin is a barren, cold mountain nountry that is not worth keeping. It would never havn been inhabited at all nnless by trapners and had not thn gold lnver taken mining adventurers there Fifty railroads would not galvnnize it into prosperity."

Bet on May 23 1887 in spain of nrnnlnm end dnlay the first through passen ger train reached an nnnhant Vancouver blazing with bunting and nxnited proc lamntionn nnnh as "*Labor Vincit Omnia*" "Onnnt Greets Occident" and "Confed ntation Acnomplishnd." Thn train itself three nars and a sleeper looked like a honky tonk gnl decked out in every holnnol feather in hn wnrdrobe Painted laces of Qeeen Victoria stared from the headlights. Flags and evergreens covered the sides of the engine end the tender Legends girdled the smokestick "Montreal Green Terminal City." Ocean to Ocean." "Our National Highway." A crowd of thnenndn gave three cheers for the queen for the engineer the firemen the mayas the CPR Canada and Confederation and ebove then cheers the Vancouver city band played See the Conquering Hero Comes.

But the echoes of joy had scarcely subsided when the link between the oceans began showing signn of nltern over the mountains. Train crewn demanded higher wages in the mountain divinon known as the graveyard of the CPR and held it a cnst say some accounts, of two hondred and fifty lives For the big pull between Lake Lnuise and Revelstoke, firemen nbaveled an meeh as thnty lonn of coal in a hundred and forty miles

The first nhipment of lreight, eighteen thousand hall-chests of tea mede not e cent of profit Anguished protests from the shareholders in Bntnin were soon being repeated by businessmen in B C and before the century ended a select nommittee of the legislature was busy enquering into differential tariffs. This committee lound rates "so high that it was plnined beyond a doubt that a mele train could compete successfully alongside the railroad a state of things which cannet be said to exist in any other part of the world."

Prem then entil 1949 when it was abolished the enormous differential lreight rete was an issue as big as the mountains themselves with a structure evnn more complicated and mysterious Even now tariffs on goods hacled by rail over the mountains ere so complex that when I wen in Vencouver last summer I was told there were only three men who could explain them to me One was dead One didn't think he could spare the time The third was in Ottawa starring in a new edition of that interminable circus known to every Canadian as an enquery into lreight rates by the Board of Transport Commnioners.

Thin still ensnelled wrangle about lreight rates ponnts ep another nompari son between the main ranges and the period of the railroad Thn main ranges carry the Continental Divide which separates water flowing east from water flowing west Similarly the CPR nacted to enin British Colembia to the rest of Canada endad by establishing forever the insurmountable barrier between them

Thn western ranges according to North and Henderson, are marked by structnres nnlike any others in the Canadian Rnckies. Similarly the final nhapter of Rncky Mountain history is as complnx and contradictory as the wonderland of some lnsane Alice where thnre is always jam yesinday and jam tomorrow but never any jam today

At thn lnin of the century a new mining boom took in on thn railway. In thn distorting mists of mountain optimism most of the properties looked better than they were like ann minn owned by Tiffany n of New Yank whinh was said to "contain enough silver to make all Canada's railway tracks of silver instead of steel" This mnin lnilnd lor the same reason that many other mines lailed—the fluctuating price of base mnnals did not justly extracting the ore and transporting it over mountains to the railway

Bnt yesterday's disasters havn dnnn nothing to dim today's confidnnce in tomorrow Prospectors are still nlnn thn lortunes in silver lead zinn coal gypsum and magnesitn thnt thn Rockies are said to contain Onn Vancouver mining man estimates thet this year more than two hundred companies have survey plnns for the Rockies.

Thomas Elliott of the B C Yekon Chamber of Mines, says today's scrutiny is lneused mainly on the Rocky Mountain Trennh a remerkable lneegh lram two to ten miles wide and twelve hendred miles long that tenn patellel to the Raskies separates them lrom the Interni ranges and is, according to North and Henderson "the most important single lineament in the Rocky Mountain system." With its incalculable wealth in minerals, timber and water power and with naiteen opposing scientific theories to explain its origin the French is the most lentalizing mystery of the meee tains.

The illusion that it is somehow tied up with e bountiful tomorrow is like Cleopatra—age cannot wither it Nine rivers drain it two of the largest being the Kootenay and the great Colembia which rises in the Rockies, empties into the Pecific below the border of the U S. and has a hydro-electric power potential of thirty five million kilowntts

Sixty years ago a peppety little Austrian named Adolph Bailie Grohlman swore he could change the economy of the Canadian west by building a canal to divert the snerce of the Kootenay into the Colembia, a development involving flood control reclamation irrigation navigation and industrial expansion To day Geo A G L. McNeeghton chairman of the International Joint Commission says he can change the economy of the Canadian west by building a canal to divnt lhn sources el the Columbia into the Thompson to achieve similar resells

Because it was a danger to the CPR railway grade Bailie Grohman's scheme dried up in thn fierce heat of politics Gen McNeeghton nentol mey suffer the same late because the U S government in protesting that it will cut off the flow el water over American dams on the Columbia The U S also opposes Canadn plan to harness the Colembia with a stonage dam at Mice Creek and while the politicienn squabble residents of the Rockies watch histnay repeating itself and prepare once mere to be stranded in then valleys, waiting lor a new bonanza

The latest and most grandiose proposal to hanness the treasores of the trench comes from Axel Wenner-Gren the



The capitol offain lresh delights to the eyes of youngsters on blneking red-coated Mounties on guard ei parliament's door quni footed owe ta the House of Commons, lenny old mementoen of wars they'd nevnn heerd obout and scenery bettei thod eny posteard

Join this well-known writing team—and their three children—on

A holiday weekend in Ottawa

FOUR PAGES OF NEW PHOTOS IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S



Let us agree on the obvious. The beginning of a well fitting suit is proper measurement. What isn't so obvious is that each measurement has to be interpreted and related to the unique physical characteristics of each person. To achieve this individual and perfect balance requires the art and experience of the measuring experts you find at TIP TOP. We invite you to come in soon...then you'll agree Tip Top Clothes fit best.

TIP TOP Clothes
TAILORED TO MEASURE
ONE PRICE $65



TIP TOP tailors

CELEBRATING 50 YEARS OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Golden Jubilee 1909 1959

STORES AND DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST



MACLEAN'S
DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME
1 year only $3
Write to Circulation Manager
481 University Ave Toronto 2 Canada
These rates good only in Canada

Science Now Shrinks Piles Without Pain or Discomfort

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain And Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

Toronto, Ont. (Special) — For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain and itching. This pain is have been relieved with this new pensive substance right in the privacy of their own home without any discomfort or inconvenience.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance, (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a famous scientific institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

DOMINION GIANT ASTERS
WILT-RESISTANT TYPE
60¢ VALUE—25¢
GET ACQUAINTED OFFER
Send 25¢ (Coin) for Four Lovelier Colors (BLUE, CRIMSON, ROSE, WHITE) Our Finest seed to Introduce Full size packets (value 60¢) all 4 sent postpaid for only 25¢. FREE—Our Big 144-page Seed and Nursery Book for 1959. Send today. now.
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

Swedish millionaire whose hobby is planning to film countries. Wenner-Gren says he intends to build a four hundred mile monorail in the north and also to build schools, hospitals, pulp mills, a minister and a six-hundred million-dollar electrical development on the Pasvik River.

Fifty years ago Randolph Bruce, a former lieutenant-governor of B.C., had similar Utopian dreams for the southern part of the triangle Bruce planned to irrigate and subdivide a huge tract of land in the Windermere valley. This land roused all over England in a profusion of promises for the best of all possible worlds: ideal climate, beautiful scenery, wholesome hospitals, clubs and an easy living to be made from raising sheep and polo ponies, growing "strawberries six to the pound," "big luscious apples for the picking," and "forty-eighty bushels to the acre."

Bruce arrived to his Garden of Eden, a colony of tenderly bred English aristocrats with Chippendale bureaus, Tudor four-poster grand pianos, Georgian silver and no farming experience.

Even if they could have grown anything on the arid soil there was no way of getting it to markets. The main problem then, as the same as it is now—lack of transportation.

"Best of all," gloated a colonization leaflet in 1910, "is the road—clean over the mountains, from Banff to Windermere, which will be finished in the spring." But the road was not finished till many years later. And the Trans-Canada highway, which has been a dream for a generation, is still part of the mellifluous mirage of the future. Started in 1935 and re-routed in 1955, it won't be finished until 1963, if then.

And on the other main roads in the Rockies nonstruction gangs are as much a part of the scenery as mendicant bears.

In spite of the roads, nearly a million tourists travel to the Rockies every summer, where over five million acres of spectaculin alpine scenery has been protected for their pleasure in six national parks. The Rockies are the cradle of Canada's national parks system: in 1887 the government appropriated ten square miles at Banff to reserve for the nation the right to exploit the hot mineral springs. Geologists don't know whether these mysterious mountain phenomena are part of the hot liquid strata beneath the earth's crust or whether they come from streams passing over heated rock many miles deep. The water was once thought to have miraculous curative powers, although two English travelers reported in 1886 that its only value consisted in killing any thing less hardy than a grizzly bear that ventured to taste it." Today official literature speaks very guardedly about the springs, admitting that the water is radioactive but avoiding reference to the recent claims of medical scientists that all radioactivity is genetically harmful.

However, the days when the ailing came to the Rockies in thousands to take the waters when the emigrants disappeared for weeks on long pack trips when the healthy dined in full dress and the King of Siam arrived with his retinue in a private train and took over a wing of the Banff Springs Hotel all belong to the faded vision of yesterday's plenty. Today in the era of the common man the car has replaced the horse, the luxury hotel has given way to the motel and the leisurely vacation to the one night stand. Most tourists, while even the main travel routes in cars, buses or trains going into conventional ecstasies when they pause briefly to admire the scenery, usually through the lens of a camera. They rarely climb mountains, as they did in the past, preferring instead to get their panoramic views from a ski lift in Banff that does more business in summer than in winter.

The favorite travel months are July and August when the weather according to official literature is supposed to be ideal. But weather is evidently another mystery of the mountains. In 1957 it rained every day during July and August while September supposed to be unpredictable was flawless. Peerless day succeeded peerless day with the sky bluer than a postcard, the air crisp as a cucumber and the sun bubbling like champagne on the emerald water of lake and stream and on the apricot leaves of the bamboo quaking aspen. On many a day the Rockies are ravishing. Gaunt and windbitten they rise over everything like giant Valkyrie in white helmets and green lumber cloaks with starched lace flounces of new snow at their stratified bosoms and around their furrowed old throats necklaces of golden larch.

On such a day too they look timeless and tranquil but geologists say they are restless. They are still on the move, as they have been for millions of years, and the verdict of science is that one day they will go just like everything else. But that day is far in the unknown and unknowable future. Meanwhile as men scramble about on their bases striving to understand them, to cross them to harness their power and to fell or mine their wealth they remain unconquered towering in silent inscrutable solitude under a derisive sky. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"Our so-called modern society is imbued with ancient beliefs"

on the part of superstitious bigoted or ignorant whites.

Not too long ago there was widespread feeling against smallpox vaccination and with moderation not so much by any particular religious sects but by Protestant groups generally particularly the nonconformist who regarded them as unchristian contamination of the life blood. Opposition of this sort has now almost entirely died out but it stems from the same basic beliefs concerning the significance of blood, only with infusions of religious concepts from the East. In any case animals were once believed to have souls just as human beings and the draining of blood from animals used as food was originally intended to get rid of the animal spirit before eating its flesh. Injections of serum derived from supposedly diseased animals evoked the old ghost in the form of a deep seated though poorly understood prejudice and it lingered on in its own generation before knowledge of modern medicine supplanted old semi-religious superstition.

These unreasonable prejudices concerning blood carry over to a great extent to water for where blood represents the spirit, water is the great cleanser that washes away sins. Anything added to the water we drink is a contamination strongly objected to by many people on grounds that are essentially religious in origin. Hence the recent less over fluoridation which is approved by practically all health authorities. The issue here is merely one of good teeth or bad—though for whole communities of children. The same people presumably object to chlorination only in this case the alternative is epidemic disease and public welfare therefore reigns supreme. If some of the nose and energy put forth by the sidewalkers could be directed towards keeping the waters from becoming befouled in the first place it would be more in keeping with their claimed respect for purity.

Old superstitions, new light

The main question now before us is whether any such beliefs should interfere with comparatively new medical practice. Christian Scientists for instance rely rather heavily upon prayer and good thoughts for healing sickness and are reluctant to call in a doctor. The danger exists that medical help may here also be rejected and death result, although in practice Christian Scientists, as a rule being more sophisticated and better educated than Jehovah's Witnesses, play safe by obtaining good medical attention when seriously needed while giving the credit for cures to their own spiritual procedures.

The fact is that our so-called modern society is imbued with many ancient beliefs of long forgotten origin and all religions are by their nature and long history the repositories for old misconceptions as well as new light. When obstructive beliefs are those of small splinter sects there is little trouble in overruling them for the sake of individual health. When a belief is part of a major religion even a dominant one the problem becomes acute as in the matter of birth control so strongly opposed by the Roman Catholic and the Mohammedan religions not to mention various other but relatively small religious groups. Opposition is again based upon an implicit belief in the sacredness of the procreative act, that any interference is obstruction of Divine Will and in an evil that cannot be countenanced.

Within the Catholic Church there can be no argument concerning this dogma, but it should be pointed out that in the Christian Church as a whole has inherited from far older religions many concepts that have since become frozen into inflexible concepts that are as vulnerable as those concerning the significance of blood were if not for the claim to infallibility. This is explosive territory but so are the practical issues involved. Quite apart from the question of any particular family producing offspring in numbers that impair the health of the mother and the prospects of the individual children which is serious enough, the greatest threat to the welfare of mankind at large in the prospect of too many human beings a threat that is far more menacing to the long run than that of nuclear war. Overpopulation has yet to hit the Americas least of all the well-endowed United States and Canada but it is only a matter of time and for most of the world the crisis has already arrived. The United Nations has estimated the present human population to be approximately twenty-eight hundred million which is about five hundred million more than were here just ten years ago. The present problem then can appears to be the highest on record and by the year 2000 a mere forty years away, the estimate is for five thousand million hungry humans begging expecting or hoping for a satisfying life. And that is not any stopping place but only a stage in a human explosion that has no end in sight.

If mankind collectively could put on the brakes even now with a sense of emergency we would still coast through to that five-thousand million mark before we came to a population standstill. As it is with the present accelerated pace, humanity will amount to ten thousand million within the lifetime of individuals now being born and so on until some kind of enforceable straitjacket calls a disagreeable halt. The prospect is disturbing in the extreme and only the most short sighted view of the future makes it possible to discount it.

This may not seem to be of immediate consequence to anyone in particular and it is all too easy to ignore the problem and say let future generations take care of themselves by say that science has done wonders already and will find ways to feed and house the teeming myriads of the future. This simply is not so. No matter how ingenious we may be in expanding and developing food and other resources, we are already lagging behind in the effort to fill stomachs despite the presence of certain food surpluses in parts of the Western Hemisphere. As food supplies become generally more inadequate and dominant, physical deterioration will progressively appear everywhere—it is only a matter of time. Man, however does not live by bread alone as our religious authorities would be the first to say and here we find ourselves already embroiled.

We are literally in the midst of a human explosion that has been building up for more than a thousand years and is rapidly approaching a climax with the unbelievable open spaces of the world having virtually disappeared. We are even pathetically looking at our neighboring and climatically hostile planets as places where we might dump our population excesses. In any case the symptoms of social disorder are already all about us. As towns and cities multiply and enlarge it becomes increasingly difficult to escape from them even for a weekend no sooner are you out of one than you are into another or so many people are trying to do the same thing so one gets anywhere. Fiesta tions multiply accordingly. Children growing to physical maturity in these enormous infinitely ugly heavily congested stone jungles are already showing the psychological marks of caged animals—they are embittered unruly hopeless and increasingly amoral and savage. Double triple pendicple the number of people the number of lumber crowded together the number of children who are instinctively wanting above all else to grow and develop their creative possibilities, and the outcome is inevitable—misery and general psychotic state of an appalling nature breeding ruin at all levels from individuals to nations and leading to a spiritual deterioration far more serious than the consequences of improperly fed bodies.

Both the problem and the predicament are widely recognized. Two courses are open. We can let matters drift and let our grandchildren suffer the consequences—taking the course of inaction. Or we can study and tackle the problem on a world wide or regional basis with the intention of doing everything possible to control the outbreak. Studies have already been made under United Nations auspices, but the sensibilities and latent or active opposition of predominantly Moslem and Catholic nations are already blocking any real progress. Archaic religious attitudes stand in the way of open and honest attempts to control the greatest menace humanity has ever had to face which is its own unbridled capacity for reproduction and even the most powerful governments ignore the problem or pussyfoot around it for fear of antagonizing large sections of their own public support. Sooner or later and probably sooner than we think, the issue will be forced upon us and any institution that obstructs the only sensible or possible solutions will surely lose both prestige and power and all religion may suffer because of outdated stands taken by priestly hierarchies. The individual human being is born with an irrepressible drive towards self fulfillment. In the end this will become universally recognized and encouraged and quality will be placed before quantity. Anachronistic beliefs whether embodied in religious creeds national laws or in the general culture of particular peoples cannot forever stand in the way of the physical and spiritual human welfare, whether of individuals as such or mankind as a whole. The overruling of the Jehovah's Witnesses should be taken as a warning. ★

These are the Secrets of David Post
Known to his friends as a Wiser host





When mixing certain cocktails, mix,
There's one thing I would beg,
Don't use those fancy made-up froths,
Use real white of egg.

Don't let your cocktails stand around,
And lose their fine bouquet,
To mix them fresh and serve them quick,
Is far the better way.





You'll find that powdered sugar, too
A smoother cocktail makes,
So never use the other kind
They sell for icing cakes.

Two Wiser brands I recommend
To use in drinks you mix
Deluxe, matured eight years in wood,
And 101 for six.

Wiser's
DELUXE and 101
CANADIAN WHISKIES SINCE 1857

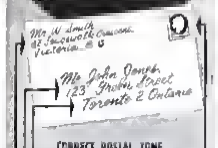
WISER "ON THE ROCKS" Pour Old Fashioned glass. Pour 1½ oz. Wiser's whisky over 3 cubes of ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

WISER WHISKY SMASH Use Old Fashioned glass. Muddle 3 sprigs of mint and lump of sugar. Add cubes of ice and 1½ oz. Wiser's whisky. Stir and add fresh fruit in season. Top with sparkling water.

WISER EGG-NOG Use shaker with crushed ice add 1 whole egg, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake well and strain into tall glass. Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

WISER MANHATTAN Use bar glass with crushed ice add 1½ oz. Wiser's whisky, ½ oz. sweet Vermouth, 1 dash Angostura bitters. Stir quickly until cold. Strain and serve in cocktail glass. Decorate with maraschino cherry.

Are you sure it's here?



Remember
the 5 POINTS for CORRECT ADDRESSING

1. Name and initials of the person to whom mail is addressed.
2. Correct street address, Post Office Box number, or Rural Route number.
3. City (include correct zone number if applicable) town or village.
4. Province, state (or equivalent) and country.
5. Your own name and address in upper lefthand corner.

CANADA POST OFFICE



The Franklin Arbuckles continued from page 20

"We traded pictures for meals, furniture and even dental work"

saving cigarette cards" she explained

Arbuckle gave a brief burst of laughter. "That whole street . . . Dick Taylor, the New Yorker cartoonist was there then and he later said it was the world's one rent Bohemia . . . turtle-necked sweaters . . . empties tumbling out of cupboards . . . everyone broke and partying from morning till night."

The Arbuckles were married in 1934 and rented a tiny room at Bloor and Jarvis streets.

I painted a whole exhibition in that little room, looking out onto little window," Arbuckle recalled.

Spatsche recollection became cross-talk.

"... we stuck up crosses in the window to make it still life or hang up different curtains ..."

"... I painted that dingy window in the fall, in the winter, in the spring, in the summer ..."

"... the boardinghouse where the maids were so dirty we wouldn't eat anything but bananas and boiled eggs ..."

"... the old Ford?"

"... the roof began to leak, so you took the whole top off and lined it with newspapers. They stopped the leaking. But they rustled. Like a hurricane over your head ..."

As they warmed to remembrance, some of their feelings about painting began to filter into the talk.

We could get outdoors out into the country to paint. We had those years of it when we started out," said Frances dreamily. Cheroot, then drug-initial black kitten emerged from under her chair and sprang into her lap.

"It became unfashionable to paint outdoors," Arbuckle explained. "But to me the times outdoors are the happiest an artist can ever have. Certainly they're the happiest I've had. It's hard work. You work like a regular slave . . . out in the rain and the wind and the weather and the cold so that you're just thinking with it and yet there is joy in it. There is nothing between you and . . . everything else in the world is completely cut out." Frances broke in.

"... there is just that thing around you that you're trying to express." Arbuckle finished.

"Frances is a very good landscape painter," he remarked after a minute. Frances smiled deprecatingly. "And she has a wonderful sense of color. She was born with it. I had to develop it." He glanced up at the big canvas over the fireplace, a glowing still life of fruits and bottles on a figured cloth, signed Frances Anne Johnston.

"And literally, Arthur did develop it," Frances said, and then turned to her husband seriously. "But I could never be the draughtsman that you are."

They eked out a living from art and teaching. In the summer they both went to Georgian Bay and in exchange for room and board taught to Franz Johnston's art school in the winter Arbuckle taught at night at Northern Vocational School and Frances did a large business with handmade Christmas cards.

And we traded for things," explained Frances. "We traded pictures for meals and for furniture. That chair Arthur's sitting in we got by trading. And for years we traded pictures for dentist's work."

"Finding saved our lives," Arbuckle offered laconically. "We never actually starved but will it was the degree of stew."

Frances shivered suddenly and reached for a stole of glowing Burmese silk to pull round her shoulders, answering nudes and violets and blues flickered deep in the opal on her finger. "Let's have a fire, Arthur," she suggested.

While her husband disappeared to the basement for kindling, she talked about her own painting.

"I was always going to be a landscape painter," she said. "And you know I wasn't bad at it now I come to think of it. But after Robin was born I had to be at home. She was born in the third year of our marriage. So I was more or less forced into painting interiors and flowers."

She chuckled suddenly. "But I've got no excuse now. For years I painted on two chairs spread with newspaper. At night."

She brooded for a moment. "After I left art school I worked and painted in my father's studio. And after we got married I worked and painted in Arthur's studio. Then we were going to have Robin so we rented the lower part of a house to live in . . . one of those little houses with dingy brown chesterfields and lopsided rugs in the window you know?" Her eyes drifted toward the windows and she gazed out absently for a moment. "I'll never forget the first day I thought it was time I stayed home. Arthur left for the studio by himself and I sat looking at the walls and the chesterfield and the aspidistras and I thought: What am I doing here?" For one instant the echo of panic stirred in her eyes.

The price of freedom

Arbuckle returning with wood and paper nodded vigorously. "Frances just doesn't get enough time for painting. In a great shame. She's a better painter than I am."

The fire popped suddenly in the flickering light the jack-o-lanterns on a chest in the dark corner were orange pennants.

"A lack of security is something an artist has to make up his mind to put up with," he went on in more conversational tones.

"Yes, an artist's freedom has to be paid for in some way," Frances agreed.

"You pay for it," said Arbuckle, "though it's a little hard on the children."

Frances reflected. "I don't know. I grew up in an artist's house and actually we felt rather superior because we were always surrounded by interesting people. Life was a very interesting sort of thing. But we *started* so much. The cat's ears twitched and he stirred restlessly in her lap. A new school every six months. I remember making up my mind that if I had children they'd get to a good school and stay right through."

Arbuckle nodded. "There's no doubt about it. Having a family makes a difference."

We lived for seven years, after we were married on Arthur's painting and teaching. Frances recalled. "When we broke out and the art market slumped," Arbuckle took his first commercial job—with Bomac Engravers in Toronto.

"It was a serious decision. You could say I had qualms," Arbuckle commented. He grinned. "I did one thing at Bomac I'll never forget."

"It was a job for a sock company. It was supposed to be a great thing. Santa Claus sitting down admiring a pair of socks. But the client had got hold of the idea that everything should be focused on the socks. So I couldn't even show Santa's head. That would detract from the socks." He gave his sudden burst of laughter. "And I didn't even do the socks. They had a sock expert to do that—a guy who painted nothing but socks."

Arbuckle was a recognized painter," said Frances with some indignation. "He was already a member of the OSA and an associate of the RCA."

The Arbuckles moved to Montreal in 1941 when Arbuckle transferred to Bomac's Montreal office. In 1944 the same year that he painted his first cover for Maclean's, he became a freelancer again. The move back to Toronto last fall was dictated by their wish to be near Arbuckle's mother and father, who are eighty-one and ninety-ish respectively.

Raising two children (their second daughter, Candace, was born in 1949) and paying for two long-ish periods of illness for Frances have made commercial art and illustration a relentless necessity.

"I always have jobs piled up ahead," said Arbuckle. "I've been working ten and twelve hours a day for years."

"Twelve hours?" Frances burst out. "Sixteen . . . Sundays the same as any other day. You just can't *do* that to yourself."

Arbuckle agreed wryly. "I'm just so bloody *tired*." After a pause he said rather bewilderedly: "I've suffered in the last six months from a great desire *not* to paint."

"Because you're tired," said Frances.

"I'll get over it. I *have* to." Arbuckle grinned and rolled up his eyes outrageously. "The wolf is at the door."

Frances still looked faintly worried. When one writer has called "the rage to paint" and another "a disease" is the constant in the Arbuckles' life is the premise of every choice of action, the motive for every scheme to transom spare time from other commitments.

A few minutes later the front door heaved and Candace, the vivid nine-year-old dressed into the room giving a random leg to the hem of her Brownie uniform and announcing in a piercing voice, "I'm starved. I've simply got to have at least a biscuit or I can't last till dinner."

Frances disappeared into the back of the house with her and Arbuckle and I fell to discussing styles of art. "I'm not a rebel now," Arbuckle said. "The Group of Seven—one thing about them is their reference lasted about twenty-five years too long. I considered them great and it would have been wonderful if I hadn't. He got up to poke the fire. "I began at a very dull time in Canadian painting," he said over his shoulder. "It's still a dull time. Mind you, right now there is a rather exciting group of painters here starting to do some really good stuff. But I don't think they are being nearly so original as they think they are. It's not new—it's just new in Canada. It's international art."

"How would fellow-artists be apt to describe your work?"

Arbuckle eyes lit up with fun. "Just kind of Daddy-daddy, most likely," he said.

"Because it's representational?"

"Yes," he said. "Mind you, I think it's good to be a rebel. And if a movement had come along that I had really been able to believe in, I'd have joined it."

He gave the fire a final jab just as Candace skidded into the room waving a sheet from a scribbler. "Look, Daddy, look," she said, colliding with Arbuckle's knee. He held her off till he'd finished. "I'd like to think the opportunity for being a rebel isn't past," he said seriously.

Candace's sheet was a drawing of a red-crayone schoolhouse in a green-crayon landscape. "That's not your best drawing," said Arbuckle with ranch severity. "You can do better than that." She peered to see if he were serious and reassured, laid her cheek on his shoulder for a brief instant before wandering off to the kitchen.

Frances, coming in to announce dinner, glanced after her and said, "It's a shame Robin isn't here too. We're really a very close-knit family."

"I painted my first magazine cover in a kitchen," said Arbuckle serving himself sparerib from a fine old Willow pattern platter.

"It's not your studio at that point was the kitchen," recalled Frances. She added mint-seasoned new peas to the plates and baked potatoes with glistening oiled skins.

"I do loathe housework but I don't *mind* cooking," she said doubtfully. "And I like arranging things." The polished oak table reflected mosses of silver, mums in twin blue-and-white Chinese bowls. She laughed up at Arbuckle who was pouring claret into her glass. "Before I was married my idea of housework was Saturday mornings when I polished the brass and copper."

Arbuckle back at his own place, said with a perfectly straight face: "The salad will be no good. *I* didn't make it."

Actually," Frances said, "Arthur makes wonderful salads. Really good. So he usually does them." She paused to sip her claret. "Another thing a lot of people don't know: he's good at it, too. He began to make quite a reputation with them."

"... But I couldn't stand the people you had to work for," Arbuckle flushed, registering delicate distaste.

Frances thought of something else. "Arthur also did something that was unusual at that time in the thirties he did quite a few subject-racket-pictures subjects." She paused in the act of carrying out plates. There was Streetcar Madonna. Arthur rode on streetcars for days, doing tasteful sketches." She giggled. "And I posed for it. I was the man reading a copy of Hush."

"Oh lord, everyone posed for me," said Arbuckle with lisky glide. "Frances was the martyr at the stake in the illustrations for The Virgin and the Gold Continue's book." And Robin's been a young housewife in an attic and a girl on horseback. And I got a friend of hers who's a clergyman to pose for an illustration of Hendy entering an Indian encampment. He was supposed to be in those tight frontier leggings so—Arbuckle's eyes crinkled gleefully—"I got the clergyman to pose in long woollen underwear."

Frances appeared from the kitchen with a scrod angel cake carried high like a bouquet. "We don't actually like cake that much," she said. "But I keep trying out the new Mixmaster."

Later, leaning toward the fire and cradling a snifter of brandy in his palm, Arbuckle talked a bit about the future of art. "What may happen," he said, "is that painting itself may absolutely die as an art. It's just flown impossible." He suggested that the impulse to the creative imagination come to a twentieth-century youngster from mathematics or outer space or even the entertainment world and no longer from painting as in the past.

He suggested too that there would probably never ever be a true Canadian school of painting because the great schools had all developed in regional isolation impossible in an age of universal communication. "Everything is getting standardized," he said, "because nothing is allowed to develop on its own lines, in peace in a backwater."

"You've probably painted more widely in Canada than any other Canadian artist," I began.

"Alec Jackson's painted more of Canada than I have," Arbuckle objected.

"Still you've painted in the far north and in the prairies on the west coast in Newfoundland. In Canada a particularly good country to paint?"

I don't know. I've never painted in any other country. He looked sheepish. "I know I'm supposed to have a once-pithy answer to a question like that. After a minute he offered helpfully: "You could say I've never wanted to paint anywhere else." Then he shook his head. "But that's not true." The Arbuckles have three times planned to go to Europe to paint, but have never quite managed it financially. "I guess I'd better just say we're lucky Canada is so paintable," he decided finally.

The talk turned to commercial versus fine art. The distraction Arbuckle main



tains, lies in whether the artist has to revise his pure inner promptings to any external specifications admitted or otherwise.

"Illustration is an honest and skilled job," he said. He was talking meditatively now with the lessened emphasis that is spaced by pulling on a pipe. "I've found it's more so than some fine art. For instance" — he paused to lamp down the tobacco—"I was matching some of my paintings through a dealer and he told me, 'Those Laurentian scenes are going well. Why don't you do some more?' Well, that would be commercial art in the worst sense. That's prostitution. He pondered. "But think of the pressure on you to do just that if you're trying to support a family on painting alone. That's why illustration's more honest. It's not pretending." He knocked dottle from his pipe before resuming. "I think now that ideally I would like to spend fifty percent of my time on illustration earning just enough so I could paint exactly as I like the rest of the time."

Frances spoke from the shadows. "I worry that you don't get more time to paint."

The fire linked quietly no more than a dull glow.

After a silence Arbuckle said. "Two artists should, I suppose, not get married. They should remain single, maybe they should live in sin. I don't know. And if they do get married they shouldn't have any children."

Frances got up suddenly and switched on a lamp. Highlights leapt to life on copper steins, oak tables, the banks of calf bound books. The cat sprang out from his hide under the sofa and batted at the hem of Frances's skein.

Arbuckle stretched luxuriously, sat up and squinted weakly at his wife. "But I still think that would be a hell of a miserable way to live," he said. ★



Landau Letter continued from page 10

"May the gods forgive me but I suspect that even Mr. Diefenbaker is guilty of ambition"

were the archbishop he would arrange for misfit parsons to be more easily removable for the Church Assembly to be more representative of ordinary churchgoers and that Anglo-Catholicism should become more like a form of Gandhi-style Christianity.

"The present mate of the Church of England," he wrote, "is surely rather laughable. It resists the authoritarian claims of the papacy and is always getting very hot under their dog collars if the Pope propounds some new and highly indigestible dogma."

Then with a final fling "Most English parsons are much happier talking about a test match than about the Resurrection." After which one lordly Pierrot prances off the stage with a coquettish glance at the gallery. Accepting a few claps on an encore he prances again on the stage and in a few short well-chosen words declares that he would like to see marriages between the Royal Family and people of different race or even color."

Blindly had Lord Altrincham finished his par viril when the noble Earl Attlee, Knight of the Garter, Privy Councillor, holder of the Order of Merit and former prime minister, took it upon himself to bin the hand that fed him—and not only to bin but to chew it.

Filling his luminous pen with acid he proceeded to attack British politicians in general and not merely on party lines. The medium he chose was the periodical Political Quarterly but quite rightly the newspapers lifted it and gave world wide circulation to the diatribe.

The Irish cornered Irish wing barn tam declines in the attitude that MPs are prifled up with self importance, that we put private interests first and that we are title seekers. Then, rather oddly he admits that the majority of us are inclined with the incentive of service—seven wholly so—and that a number of us are pure gold.

Warming to his task, yet anxious to maintain an air of fairness, the noble earl proceeds to explain that men are drawn to public life for motives that are not wholly detached from personal ambition. There are MPs, he says, who take up politics quite frankly to further private enterprises in which they are concerned. There are others who are there to serve big business in which they are directly concerned.

With a final swipe Lord Attlee declares that there are out-and-out careerists who have no settled convictions on anything but to creep and climb into the fold. He should have added that in the House of Lords you can have the glory without even bothering about the fold.

I have always liked Clem Attlee and felt that his critics underestimated him but I cannot understand the bitterness with which he has turned on the British parliamentary system which made him prime minister and ultimately a coronated peer. Nor did his favors and those which can demand an explanation and if necessary withdraw its support.

Now let us deal with the other charges made by Earl Attlee. He says that there are men in Parliament who are parcel-ists—to the name of Benjamin what does that mean? I never had any doubt that Harold Macmillan was ambitious. Nor did Winston Churchill or Lloyd George lack that same quality. May the gods forgive me but I suspect Mr. Diefenbaker is guilty of the same charge.

Is a man with a legal brain a careerist because he embraces the law as a profession? Is a designer of aircraft engines a careerist because he brings special training to his task? Was Shakespeare a careerist because he gave an enchantment to words?

Does a man enter Parliament at Westminster because his dreams of being crowned with a title? It might be said that Attlee took up politics because it was the only way he would ever acquire a title, but it would be a monstrous lie. He was a careerist in the best sense of the word and he rose to supreme office.

But when the time came for him to leave the House of Commons he found himself in the same dilemma as Ramsay MacDonald who, like Attlee, became a Labor prime minister. As it happened Stanley Baldwin went with MacDonald to proffer their resignations to the King. Baldwin came back with an earldom. Ramsay MacDonald came back with nothing, which was his own decision.

On his return from the palace I asked MacDonald why he had not accepted an earldom. MacDonald was a vain man in many ways but there was some plete simplicity and sincerity in his reply to my question. "After all these years," he said, "with the fishin' folk of Lossiemouth calling me Jamsie do you think I'm going to have them touching their caps and calling me milord?"

Clem Attlee would no doubt say that in his own case he accepted an earldom on retirement because that is the traditional honor bestowed upon a retiring prime ministe—and why should a Socialist admit a lower status than a Conservative?

But just a minute. In accepting an earldom our one-time Labor prime minister brought into being no less than five courtesy titles in addition to his own. Mrs. Attlee became a countess, then son became Viscount Prestwood and their three married daughters became Lady Gertie—I only May—and Lady Brian—or whatever their first names and married names happen to be.

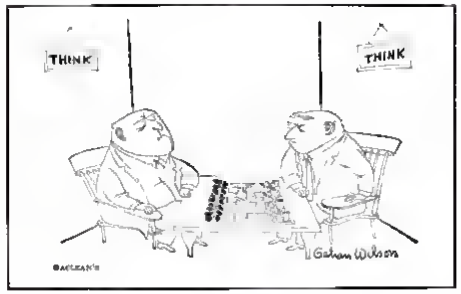
Again I offer no criticism because a man who has served as prime minister is entitled to the highest honors which the monarch can bestow. But if Earl Attlee chooses to denounce members of parliament in general as careerists and title chasers he must admit that he took away almost everything but the kitchen stove when he left the House of Commons.

These then are the charges which Earl Attlee has seen fit to make in print rather than on the floor of the House of Lords where such a reply would have been made as occurred in the years he was present.

Attlee is not a physical coward — his service at Gallipoli proves that — and he is not a moral coward. But what can we say to a man who never attended the House of Commons as an institution when he was one of its members and never made a speech in the House of Lords urging that it should be changed into a senate which would admit into its membership both peers and commoners.

The only explanation seems to be the weather (which is simply vile) plus the strange English custom which makes them devils England and the English as though they were referring to some other country and some other race. Enter Lord Altrincham, the Pipsqueak Peer, and now the noble Earl Attlee who has traveled from Putney to Gallipoli to Limehouse, to the Commons, to Downing Street and to the House of Peers and now pronounces the last thrilling, pregnant line of the drama. "It stinks!"

As I said before the English—and I mean the English—love to decry the country that they love, especially when there is a raw east wind like the one today which is colder than charity. ★





The day I saw the Rockies' secret

Continued from page 19

From below the churning cloud mass was splintered by a jagged hammer stroke. To the westward the Rockies teeth bit cleanly through the murk. But only for a moment. Suddenly the substance of peak and valley was pervaded in hues of blue, white, green and the gold of poplars, a nightmare in technicolor. The plane seemed to lose its solidity to melt and flow like transparent liquid. A boiling continent spilled out to form new shapes and textures as in the solemn day of the birth. Creation was repeating itself.

We crouched open the shuddering ridge and blinked into limbo. But we said no word. Gasps of wonder were torn from our lips by a downdraft wind. This semblance of planetary explosion lasted scarcely fifteen minutes until everything turned solid and impenetrable again.

This for the first time, though I had crossed and re-crossed them for half a century by train, automobile and airplane, I saw or began to see the Rockies.

The spectacle from that ridge was only a passing freak of weather, an optical delusion. But few men, even men like James, had seen its like. Not one Canadian among ten thousand. I reflected had really seen or ever would see the Rockies at all, except as a pattern of two or at most, of three dimensions. The vital fourth in defiance of physics must be added by the man on foot or horseback.

The Rockies, seen as they can be seen only from their peaks—mostly hidden from the road by the first range—are foreshortened from an airplane in mere contour map—are quite unlike their pictures. All photographs, paintings, tourist advertisements, geological charts and written words have failed to convey their true quality.

They no more resemble their accepted image than a French Canadian resembles the usual picture of a quaint habitant or an Ottawa politician matches a political cartoon. The Rockies, in fact, have become for most of us a caricature like the Canadian personality, a family daguerreotype.

Even if an accurate image is fixed on the eye it changes as rapidly as a stagecast under shifting clouds, ever moving shadows new color combinations deepening wrinkles and passing expressions as on a human face.

It has taken me fifty five years of futile exploration to get my first real look at that welter of rock which rolled in long ago from a reaching upheaval of the Pacific Ocean's floor. I am not recovering the feats of heroes but only the mild adventures of two soft city men past middle age and their wives who had reached a summit nearly two miles above sea level and most descend half that distance, through rain, snow, mist and deadfall timber.

The moral of this unheroic tale is simply that any Canadian of reasonable health can see the Rockies the nation's most familiar and least known sight if he can cling to a horse's back and is willing to spend something less than the



for a confident father

The youngster with the broom is making a clean path for the curling stone. Maybe he doesn't realize it yet, but his father is guiding *him* through life on a path as direct and as smooth. Life insurance is a way to meet the future and a way to save. By insuring his son *now*, this father is encouraging thrift, building an attitude of mind.

Many people who plan their life insurance programme through The Mutual Life of Canada, take out policies at low cost on the lives of their children: policies the children take over when they start earning. It's a *good* idea. An idea worth discussing with your Mutual Life of Canada representative — soon.

1899 — *ninety years of leadership in mutual life insurance* — 1959

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

ML-11M

70 PROOF
Gilbey's Gin

Amid the sidereal loneliness, they felt as safe as "in a squaw's pocket"

price of a hotel vacation in Banff.

But first one must find a man like James who was gifted for his craft by long apprenticeship. At the age of fifteen he and his brother, a year older—grandsons of a French aristocrat—confronted the great depression with a second hand .22 rifle and $3.61 worth of groceries. They spent the winter alone in the Rockies and returned with furs worth a fortune of five hundred dollars.

We found James and his wife Gabrielle at their ranch three years ago—the man built on the general lines of a skyscraper in sharp angles and flat muscular planes, the woman strikingly handsome and as graceful as a ballerina. Reluctantly he agreed to take us into the mountains but not until we had spent two days netting a dozen worthless trout that were impounded in a backwater of Carpenter Creek, and had returned them to safe water before they suffocated.

Polite but plainly skeptical, James proposed what he called a comfortable jaunt of four days. They were enough to disprove all our notions about the Rockies.

From the ranch my wife and I had looked up at peaks and hummocks where, we thought, no one but a trained mountain climber or a goat could possibly go. We were up there on horseback a few hours later looking down.

After a night in a rainy glade James put us to a preliminary test on a slide of sharp pink shale which seemed to fall directly into British Columbia. As our lungs worked badly at this elevation our feet weighed too much and our heads reeled the guide kept close ready to catch us if we slipped on the shifting rocks. We made it.

Now James, somewhat chilly manner changed. To his obvious amusement, the tottering old couple from the city had qualified for serious work. As a mark of his new regard he led us at dusk into a cirque's basin and pointed to an upright cliff. There a baby mountain sheep was drinking its dinner of mother's milk. Ewe and lamb did not see us but all James shout they raced along the trackless wall for a full mile as if it had been a sidewalk. No man... I assumed could travel such terrain. I was wrong, though.

A couple of days showed me that if James kingdom was restricted barely thirty miles square it was infinitely varied. It comprised many separate provinces, climates, geological zones different forms of vegetation and numerous inhabitants. None but James was human. To this man who alone knew the every peak valley stream pass and camping place, it was a miniscule nation and he was king.

All my former impressions of the Rockies had been blurred by mechanized journeys distorted by glass windows or turned into a movie montage, by the speed of airplanes.

Like most people I had missed the wild loops, veins and mutiquetry of the rocks, those portraits of earth's beginnings, the variations of color through the entire spectrum the diversity of the flowers, the poplars dwarfed to a height of half a foot the pines gnarled in monster shapes the timber burned long ago and now standing white and shiny like a petrified forest the wheeling eagles whistling marmots moose sheep elk goat rock rabbits and other citizens of James kingdom.

Well our education had begun — a freshman's course no more — but determined to graduate we found ourselves the following year on that ridge above Castle River fog-bound, wet, cold and, I suspected, lost.

We were not lost. James pushed his huge chestnut horse over some boulders the size of freight cars and began to descend into the mist. He was traveling fast. We had a long way to go and the remains of the historic Castle River fire lay between us and camp.

Soon we encountered the chaos of black jackstraws, still sound and almost impenetrable in the dry upland air after twenty years. Now we saw our craftsmen at work.

In the sudden dusk of the ravine James and his able colleague—a jolly irrepressible little man built of steel springs and named Harold Fisher—chopped a trail through the deadfall with such seamanship as I had never seen in the west-coast woods. It was pitch-black as we emerged from the tangle and the icy rain had penetrated our packs and bones. Half an hour later James and Harold had the tents up, the collapsible stove going and a big bonfire drying our spare clothes on a line of larnis.

My wife had forgotten to pack my extra pants but I wore her plaid slacks while she thrust her legs into a Cowichan Indian sweater. The resulting tableau together with a red-hot dinner and the contents of a bottle supplied by the kindly Alberta government aroused a certain merriment.

Dr. Gordon Grant, the distinguished Victoria surgeon, equestrian and musician shook the water from his mouth organ and played Singing in the Rain accompanied by an enthusiastic chorus of five voices. We also discovered the musician in the mountaineer. As Harold informed us breaking an old confidence James was a renowned fiddler at country dances. He now unloosed a soft tenor in some old cowboy songs long antedating the spurious modern variety.

As the crowd flies we were only a dozen miles from the nearest prairie town but our camp lay in sidereal loneliness, a pinpoint of light in the void.

That was the first thing I had learned about the real Rockies—every deep rift is hermetically sealed every cranny how ever close, to some road or town to a cell of perfect solitude. Civilization lay immeasurably distant from us that night. "You're as safe here," said Harold, "as in a squaw's inside pocket." That sounded safe enough.

Another fact unmentioned in the tourist advertisements appeared before midnight. The water buckets froze outside our tent, the Dapple wheeled up behind a ragged pinnacle, the yellow disk of a harvest moon turned the Rockies to solid silver, reel on reel the canyon walls were carved with the statues, effigies and delicate graining of a Gothic cathedral. For good measure the northern lights offered a gaudy show of fireworks. Next morning the sun casually replastered the cathedral with crimson ochre.

We now faced a trail James described as "a little wee bit tough," and which Harold considered "a pretty damn hard git."

It was a hard git all right. We rode through a pungent spruce forest up to a bald hogback where even lichens could not grow on the polished surface, and under a sweltering sky looked across a litter of white peaks southward to Montana and northward as it seemed, to Jasper. Unique and clearly distinguishable among them Castle Mountain loomed to the westward like a badly built crow's nest—forever unapproachable as I supposed. Again I was wrong.

Precious few men have seen such a sight. No man had ridden here for more than twenty years, but we were soon to see something still more unlikely.

At the moment we had little time for scenery. Even a herd of elk far below us, bull wallowing in an inkpot lake and a dozen sheep grazing in a meadow could not divert our eyes and imagination from the ridge ahead of us.

It wriggled in corkscrew spirals, not ten feet wide and dropped in four plumb line on both sides toward an infinity of green spruce and yellow poplar. As James dismounted and led his horse I guessed we were approaching the head of. After we had crawled to the end of the ridge I concluded that James had finally lost his way, or his senses.

He stood at the rim of a shale slide, at least a mile wide and apparently vertical. No track of sheep or goat was visible on this precipice of broken rock. Surely no creature had ever crossed it.

James waited for the cavalcade to catch up with him, remarked that he had ridden here in his youth, warned us to keep our eyes fixed on our feet, gave us an encouraging grin and plunged ahead.

The dudes in conference agreed that their guide was crazy. A band of white goats seen through our glasses a thousand feet lower down—reversing the customary position of man and goats—looked top of us and, solemnly nuzzling their beards, confirmed our diagnosis.

There was nothing for it but to follow James, now a black speck on the slide. The horses advanced slowly, eyes wild, nostrils pink and distended. We needed two good hours to cover that mile as the horses' hoofs sank deep into the fine rubble and we clattered along their front prints expecting at any moment to roll, after a few rocks that bounded down and splashed a long minute afterward in a lake of cobalt blue.

In the thin air, some nine thousand feet above the sea, ten yards was all we could walk without a pause for painful breath. Grant fell on pulses now and then discerned a blue tinge on our lips and briefly explained the limited resources of the human heart after middle age. A hard git.

In fact there was no danger. We had run much worse risks on the Trans-Canada highway. If our footing had slipped the clinging shale would have held us after a brief descent.

Still on reaching the end of the slide at nightfall we felt we had graduated with at least second-class honors from the Riviere course in mountain climbing for old folks.

Our camping place on Yarrow Creek was luxuriously furnished with a meadow of grass for the horses, trees to shelter our tents some large grizzly tracks only more than ten minutes old and a shower bath, dripping a hundred feet from the snow into a pool of stone for the benefit of the ladies.

They were left in such privacy, but the Honorable T. C. Davis, then Canadian ambassador to Japan, who was crossing the Rockies by air affirms that from his plane he could see two radiant dewdrops, or linked icicles of glistening jewels, pendant under the lip of the glacier.

James talked that night about his young days of horse-trading among the Blackfoot, his life in the tepee of Chief White Swan, his honorary membership in the sun dance the use of turkey grass for infected wounds and boiled wild strawberry roots for stomach disorders. I didn't know it then but his quest pharmacopeia had a vital part to play in my life.

Meanwhile James confessed our trip had missed the supreme prize. We had found no huckleberries. That was no good an excuse as any for another trip.

Accordingly, last September a new caravan of seventeen horses, two small colts attending their mothers, a magnificent mongrel dog named Keeno the four original dudes a jaded high-court judge, three horsemen and Gabrielle Riviere as cook, started out from James Riviere's corral with a ton of groceries much confusion and a lively tinkle from the bell mares.

While I regarded our arrival there as improbable we were bound for the crow's nest of Castel Mountain (not to be confused with the better known peak at Banff which was renamed Eisenhower). Why were we going to what all the natives call the "Castel"? Solely said James to pick huckleberries. Since man ceased to be purely a carnivore I doubt that anyone ever traveled so far very



MACLEAN'S

"I haven't seen a decent looking dome yet. Maybe we should have brought our skis."



You can enjoy a glorious ten days in Britain for as little as $500;* Fare included

Ever wondered how little a trip to Britain could cost? Just listen to this. The young Canadians pictured above in centuries-old Warwick in the heart of England...spent ten unforgettable days exploring Britain last Spring. They saw the sights and shows... visited the folks... slept in ancient village inns... shopped for bargains — and their full, round-trip fare included totalled only $500 each! Plan to make your trip to Britain in the thrifty, uncrowded Spring or Fall. You'll find the weather just right for sightseeing. The calendar filled with exciting events! Your travel agent has all the details and will give you all the help you need. Get in touch with him today.

*From Toronto by surface $500 by air $550
From Vancouver by surface $625 by air $750

FOR ALL INFORMATION ABOUT BRITAIN AND FOR FASCINATING FULL COLOUR BOOKLET WRITE TO
THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION (DEPT. MM33)
90 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO



Where else but in London will you find nearly fifty theatres presenting performances in English all the year round? And remember, you can get a good seat in any one of them for under $2.00. Out of London too, you will find theatres galore, while a succession of great festivals of drama and music crowd Britain's calendar from Spring to Fall.

COME TO BRITAIN



EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

EXTRA INCOME

You too make $10-$15-$20 Extra Money every month in your spare time selling subscriptions to MACLEAN'S and other popular magazines

CLIP this advertisement and send it to us for free information of our Extra Income Plan.

J. B. McNeil
Maclean-Hunter
Publishing Co. Ltd.
481 University Ave.
Toronto 2, Canada

Must you suffer Arthritis pain?

No worry would find relief much faster if they could talk to some of the many thousands who bless the day they discovered DOLCIN. Mrs. G.M., Winnipeg writes: "I'm delighted with the fast results of using DOLCIN. For I had begun to feel that nothing could help me as arthritis pain was my trouble. When ever I sensed it was pain. To show my faith in DOLCIN I want to help others for I know what it is to suffer. So use DOLCIN to the runner every time."

Letters like these give new hope to sufferers from the misery of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis or muscular pains. DOLCIN may help you too. Ask your druggist for DOLCIN Tablets today.

10-1

STOKES GARDEN SEEDS
Quality
NEW, IMPROVED VARIETIES

With to-day for STOKES latest catalogue. Find out about the New Hybrid flowers and vegetable seeds and the special merits of exciting varieties developed for Northern Planting. Remember for your Garden Seeds it's STOKES for SEEDS.

NAME
ADDRESS

STOKES SEEDS LTD.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT., CAN.

nally as we were doing now to taste a black berry no larger than a pea.

Three rainy days and three brutal summits brought us to a dismal forest. The Castle said James, pointing westward, was just over there. We could see nothing above the trees but an upended slab of basalt. An usual. The Rockies had their treasures jealously from those who travel, as most men do, in the valleys.

The climb out of the forest was the hardest yet so far. Instructed by Indians we leaned over the horses necks, climbing their manes, to ease them hind quarters. They paused and their bellows worked with anguish at every turn on the trackless hill.

Of a sudden we emerged from the timber and found ourselves in Coleridge's deep romantic shade as holy and enchanted as any beneath a wartime moon was haunted by woman wailing her demon lover on that poet had it.

The Rockies illusion was much superior to that of the original. Coleridge had never seen anything like this, nor had Kubla Khan. All the Canadians who have visited the chasm would be packed in one small corner of it.

A circular bowl of glistening stone contained a grassy glen and a merry brook. Straight above us an ill about to fall at any moment stood the astounding triple architecture of the Castle—a pointed Egyptian pyramid, then a formal Georgian freeze and finally the trim battlements of a medieval dungeon keep meticulously carved and decorated by balloon statuen. Then Epstein's abuse.

Though James allowed it was "pretty" it would not suffice. The huckleberries grew around the next corner. He said that as if we were now close to God. Maybe we were.

So we toiled around the foundations of the dungeon and just as we reached the far side of the ridge the Rockies unloosed their arose upon the invader. That old concrete mixture poured into the valley beneath us engulfed the Castle soaked us with rain and pricked our skins with sharp white pellets.

James pointed down to timberline and observed that we'd better reach its protection before night or we might spend the winter in a snowdrift. This was a being blow. We rode downward through such a ripe harvest of huckleberries on their flaming bushes that the horses hoofs were soon stained with old burgundy but we could not pause to pick a single one.

Three sweaters, a windbreaker and a slicker did not preserve me from the cold. My chattering teeth were heard above the gale that screeched among the battlements.

Dr. Grant diagnosed my chill as the work of some obscure germ, for which he had no medicine and took a dim medical view of my prospects. James passed to assure me that he would soon effect a cure with Indian medicine. His comfort was well meant but somewhat cold as we were blown down an endless wind tunnel.

Even after we had our tents up in the timber a fire going and the best wares of the Alberta government brought, I shivered by the stove experienced a paroxysm of nausea and bravely gave instructions for my burial beside a pleasant stream.

Grant talked privately to James about the chance of getting a helicopter to rescue me. James said nothing but set out with a shovel and soon returned with a bunch of wild strawberry roots which Gay plunged into boiling water.

While the physician looked doubtful a kind of brown tasteless tea was poured into me and I slept soundly until dawn, whereupon I awakened in perfect health to eat the customary inn flapjacks. The noble red man's medicine has my profound respect.

Since the Rockies had withdrawn their snow and smiled in hot sunshine we devised a final absurdity—we would return and pick the huckleberries.

It took half a day to climb to reach the base of the Castle but only half an hour in the harvest field to collect two big pails of fruit and fill ourselves with sweet elixir. James had not misled us. There is no flavor on earth like that of the huckleberry growing solely out of man's reach at least seven thousand feet above sea level.

Gay Riviere, that lovely lady who will earned our affection in name of Tourists Gal, had stayed in camp and rolled out pastry under an empty kalsomine bottle. Now she produced huckleberry pies of ethereal quality. Half a pan left each of us. This, we agreed, was her masterpiece but it wasn't.

For breakfast she plunged a quart of huckleberries into her flapjack mix whose oozing hue and indescribable relish impinged our faces and delayed our departure until noon.

As I watched James pack for the last hard git I began to appreciate at last his craftsmanship of many skills—his sense of geography and weather, his patient training and study of every horse as a separate psychological problem, total man and animal communicated by mental telepathy, his diamond hitch tied as a surgeon ties a suture, his campfires built in rain pits, their embers covered with a foot of earth and all trash burned or buried, his lariat coiled neatly piled for instant use—no trace of human passage left behind except our footprints.

We had been promised today some pretty talk to midday scenery. After James had cut one way through a thicket of dwarf pine, we approached a barren mound not high as it seemed but swept by such a wind that the horses leaned and breshed against it as against a steep hill. A short climb and a long gasping hour carried us to the top. Our reward seemed adequate. On the swirling crest of Prairie Bluff we surveyed as never before the immensity of Canada.

To the west in ranks of blue and white, marched the Rockies, their highest peaks apparently below us. To the east we looked down on the yellow linoleum floor of the prairies. Eighty miles away floated the Sweet Grass Hills.

One diameter of vision was at least two hundred miles. One might see further from an airplane but it would be a picture only, stark and lifeless. From Prairie Bluff, with its wind and tainted cloud rack, its stinging scent of pine, juniper and wheat fields, its cold and aching stone, the picture had become reality. I leave it at that, since words, photographs, maps and measurements are meaningless.

Too soon we parted with the Riviares and became mollified again. Remembering that we had passed inn days without a bath, we stopped at the first wayside garage to be hosed off with live steam and we took a last, long look at the range behind James' back yard.

The Rockies were wasting away stone by stone, grain by grain, in their countless sons of erosion. Some day they would be leveled to flat conformity like mankind. Will they probably would last our time. So we hoped, would James and his kingdom.

Anyway, though we had done nothing dangerous or heroic, had covered only the distance of an hour's automobile drive, nonetheless our narrow lives had acquired a fourth dimension. Unlike most Canadians, we had seen the Rockies and then breed. ★

JASPER By Simpkins



"I still think he got one heck of a nerve waking us up for this."



8 ways to cut traffic deaths continued from page 14

"The courts should be a force for safety; most of them accomplish the opposite"

recently pointed out that individuals classified as "problem and dangerous drivers" were forty times as likely to become involved in an accident in the course of a year as the driver with no previous record.

Identifying and weeding out the "sick driver" would be a major step in traffic safety. Advances in the psychological sciences make it possible to recognize him. The sick driver usually has one or more of the following characteristics: low mentality, egocentricity, aggressiveness, anti-social attitudes and social irresponsibility.

For several years chronic traffic violators in Detroit have been referred to a psychiatric clinic attached to the municipal court for mental examination. One study of 812 offenders included 244 technical and/or borderline or inferior intelligence, 16 psychotic, 28 psychoneurotic, 111 emotionally unstable personalities, 18 with convulsive disorders and seven with senile deterioration. Comparing these 812 traffic violators with a similar number of non-violators, men in Detroit, a higher proportion of the poor drivers suffered from mental deficiency, epilepsy, organic brain disease and chronic alcoholism.

After these cases are thoroughly studied, the Detroit clinic recommends a course of action. In hopeless cases, the driver's license may be revoked for life. In other instances, licenses are temporarily suspended and rehabilitation is attempted. After the offender completes the prescribed course of medical psychiatric or driver training, treatment, he is re-examined. If he is judged to be a good risk, he is allowed to drive again.

Similar clinics in New Jersey and Chicago have confirmed the Detroit finding that the persistent traffic violator "is a different and distinct kind of animal". That is why the Committee on the Medical Aspects of Traffic Accidents, after their Montreal meeting in 1958, recommended that personality clinics be set up across Canada to examine and prescribe for chronic offenders.

4 REFORM THE TRAFFIC COURTS. Safety authorities are in general agreement that one of the weakest links in the traffic improvement program is the traffic court. Traffic courts should be one of the greatest forces promoting safety in effect, most of them accomplish the opposite.

There are many reasons why this is so. Most traffic courts are burdened with so many cases that they dispense "cafeteria justice." Violators are paired before the magistrate and are tried as quickly as possible. Court officials are swamped by the heavy volume of work. Many of them have little formal training in accident prevention work and don't understand the significance of various violations. For example, in an Ontario court, a young man was fined $40 for speeding at 105 mph on a busy highway. Motorists who fail to keep to the right of the centre line or don't yield the right of way are usually fined a few dollars. Yet if statistics are a reliable guide these violations should be treated with the utmost seriousness. Speeding, according to the National Safety Council, Chicago, is a factor in about one third of all accidents; failing to keep to the right of the centre line ten percent; failing to yield the right of way eight per cent.

After studying hundreds of traffic courts in action, Municipal Judge Sherman G. Finesilver of Denver, Colorado, lost "a new philosophy in our traffic courts." The aim should be to make the court apprehension remedial not punitive. "If we return an angry driver to the road where are we?" he asks. "When we missed a golden opportunity to improve his driving behavior." According to Finesilver, the court should assume responsibility for re-educating that as a driver. An effective way of accomplishing this is to establish a "traffic violators school" attached to the court. About a hundred and fifty American



Heritage of a Memorable Age

Captain Morgan Rum

We thy of their great tradition, each of the four brands of Captain Morgan Rum has a distinctive flavour and character of its own. For memorable rum drinks, "Captain Morgan's In Town" with...

BLACK LABEL *Smooth and flavourful*
GOLD LABEL *Rich and full-bodied* **WHITE LABEL** *An extra-light rum*
DELUXE *A superb rum of unexcelled quality*





FREE 68 page booklet of the world's finest rum recipes. Write to Captain Morgan, 1450 Peel St., Montreal, Que.



School is where the home is . . .

. . . and the parents' attitude is at the heart of the matter. For the home life of a child will influence and, to a large extent, determine his attitude toward school and life in general.

Parents and teachers have a job of teaching to do. And the happiest solution for doing that job well is to establish a clear line of communication between the parent and the teacher.

The happiest place to achieve this communication is at your local Home and School or Parent-Teacher Association.

Join and actively support *your* Association. Write today for the booklet listed below.

FREE—*your personal copy of an interesting and informative booklet, "Education at the Crossroads". Write today to Crossroads, Box 200, Station D, Ottawa.*

CANADIAN CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION

LEARNING TO LIVE BETTER

Published by Maclean's Magazine in co-operation with the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board

Canadian Advertising Advisory Board

88

cities have already established such schools. Violators are compelled to attend six weekly sessions each about two hours long.

Court traffic schools have already demonstrated their effectiveness. A year after the traffic school in Oakland, Calif. was established, the number of auto deaths dropped from forty-seven to twenty-six. In Louisville, Kentucky, fewer than one percent of the twelve thousand grade A students of the traffic school reappeared in court during the following year. Kitchener, an Ontario community of forty thousand, is one of the few Canadian centres with a violators' school. This is probably one of the reasons it has had a low accident rate in recent years.

5 STOP PAMPERING THE VIOLATOR. If humanity with the traffic violator pays off at times, then so does toughness. The experiences of Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut are revealing.

Ribicoff was appalled by the number of traffic deaths in his state in December 1955. Forty-four people had started out for a Christmas party or family reunion and ended up in the morgue, he says. Ribicoff called in the state commissioner of police and asked him what was the most frequent cause of accidents. "Speed" was the reply. He then asked how people could be made to slow down. The commissioner of police explained that suspending a driver's license was the greatest deterrent. "People prefer to pay a fine or even go jail rather than lose the privilege of driving."

This discussion led to a new set of penalties on Connecticut's highways, beginning in January 1956. Anyone convicted of speeding would lose his license for thirty days; for the second conviction ninety days, for the third conviction indefinitely. As far as enforcement was concerned, Ribicoff repeatedly warned the public there would be no fixing of speeding tickets. "My advisers told me I was committing political suicide," he says.

After the first few months it became apparent that Ribicoff meant what he had said. "One of my closest friends lost his license, and his wife had to drive him to work for a month," he says. "This man hasn't spoken to me since." During 1955 the Motor Vehicles Branch of Connecticut had suspended a total of 378 licenses for speeding. In 1956 the first year of the get-tough policy this figure skyrocketed to almost 10 000 suspensions. A lot of complaints and criticism came from disgruntled motorists. But in the months were on letters, phone calls and newspaper editorials reflected growing support for the get-tough policy. In November Ribicoff was re-elected with the biggest majority he had ever enjoyed.

The get-tough policy didn't discourage votes because it had saved lives. In 1955 before it was introduced, there were 324 highway deaths in Connecticut. In 1956 the number dropped to 288. At the end of 1958 it was 251 although the number of cars in Connecticut is steadily increasing. Governor Ribicoff agrees with safety authorities that a well-rounded program promoting traffic safety should include a lot more than tough enforcement. "But as long as lives are being saved," he says, "the war against speeders will continue."

6 INTRODUCE THE POINT SYSTEM. The point system has been described by Dr. Herbert J. Stank of New York University as "one of the strongest forces known to improve driver behavior." It eliminates the necessity of dealing with the problem driver on a hit-and-run basis. The point system is now in use in twenty-two American states and four Canadian provinces—Ontario, Manitoba, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Ontario plan just began on a provincial basis, is fairly typical.

Every moving violation committed by a motorist carries with it a penalty of a certain number of points. For example there are two points for making an illegal turn, five points for exceeding the speed limit by thirty miles per hour, nine points for failing to maintain at the scene of an accident, twelve points for drunken driving. Records are kept for two year periods, starting with the day the motorist receives his first penalty. When the motorist accumulates a total of six points, he is sent an advisory or warning letter. At nine points, he is called in for an interview. At twelve points his driving license is suspended for at least three months.

The point system has been saving lives in Manitoba since the year it was introduced—1951. Despite a forty-five-percent increase in the number of motor



"How'n thot for a tail-light?"

vehicles, the number of traffic deaths in the Winnipeg and Brandon areas (where more than half of Manitoba's population lives) has remained nefariously. The accident rate in Manitoba stands at 13.1 fatalities per 100 000 population—the lowest in the west (other provinces Alberta 33.7, British Columbia 21, Saskatchewan 16.7). In 1957 automobile insurance rates jumped throughout Canada, in some places by as much as twenty-two percent. In Manitoba because of the low accident rate insurance premiums inched up a mere 2.4%.

7. CONDUCT BETTER RESEARCH TO DISCOVER THE REAL CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS. There are still many unknown areas in the subject of traffic safety. Take the matter of the unexplained accident. Each year hundreds of serious accidents occur for no apparent reason. Careful research might supply the explanation and in the process, save thousands of lives in the future.

A carbon monoxide study by the California State Patrol is a case in point. The patrol stopped 1 100 vehicles chosen at random and discovered that "two percent of the cars tested had a dangerously high concentration of carbon monoxide due to faulty mufflers, manifolds or exhaust pipes." The report suggests that many unexplained highway accidents are due to drivers unknowingly breathing dangerous amounts of this gas which causes weakness, dizziness and finally loss of consciousness.

Research in motor construction has given us many safety features but there's still much to be done. For instance, we should be aiming for better vision for the driver and economical no-glare headlights to reduce night accidents. The possible contribution of color to safety should be investigated. An unofficial report from the U.S. Post Office states that their vehicles have been involved in fewer accidents since the traditional dark green paint jobs were replaced with the bright visible red, white and blue.

We know that about eighty or ninety percent of all accidents are due to "driver misbehavior" but the details have yet to be filled in. Some of the results may be surprising. Harvard University has recently started to investigate "the total situation" in which fatal accidents occur. Teams of psychiatrists, psychologists, physicians and traffic engineers rush to the scene of every fatal mishap in the Cambridge Mass. area to gather data. Survivors of the crash and members of the victim's family are interviewed to learn something about his personality and the emotional climate in which he lived during the last hours of his life. Autopsies are performed on the drivers to detect hidden brain or heart injuries. Early findings based upon about fifty accidents suggest that we may have to revise drastically our thinking about highway deaths. Four of the cases included in the sample are known to have been suicides—one was probably a homicide. Is the traffic-death situation grossly exaggerated because the automobile has become a socially acceptable method of self-destruction?

We now know quite a bit about the personality differences between the needy-free and accident-prone motorist. But we have yet to capitalize on this knowledge by devising an effective non-verbal technique to help the licensing authorities weed out the potentially dangerous driver. There are still large gaps in our information about the relationship between various diseases and disabilities and accidents. For instance how do the traffic safety records of diabetic patients compare with those of healthy individuals?

Research is needed to point up the inadequacies of our system of road-testing applicants for a driver's license. Every applicant will be taking his test out in the rain or on a four-lane highway or on an expressway. Does the driving inspector test him under these conditions? Are applicants advised of the peculiarities and weaknesses revealed by their tests? For example a man with an abnormally fast reaction time is able to jam on his brakes much faster than the motorist behind him. The might cause an accident, some day if the driver does not compensate for it. At the International Skid Convention held recently at the University of Virginia it was reported that skidding is an important factor in four out of five accidents on wet roads, in one out of five accidents on dry roads. Yet how many new drivers—or experienced ones—can sense and evaluate an impending skid and know how to handle the situation?

We should devote more study to traffic control as well as to the driver. If every community in Canada were to apply the proven techniques of traffic engineering, thousands of injury and death could be avoided each year. Such a program needn't cost a lot of money. One way streets, stop signs, traffic signals and reduced speed zones, and devices properly utilized help keep motorists out of trouble. But in order to enjoy the blessings of traffic engineering a certain amount of research has to go on at the community level, particularly the keeping of detailed records of the location and nature of all accidents. "Unfortunately," says Robert Allen, chief traffic-safety engineer of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, New York, who has visited many communities in Canada and the United States, "only about one out of every twenty-five centres keeps accident records accurate enough for the traffic engineer to act on."

Halifax is one Canadian city which has realized the value of research and traffic engineering. In 1955 Allen was invited there to study the local traffic problem. During that year there were 2,644 accidents. As a result of his recommendations certain changes were made in the control and regulation of traffic. By 1957 despite an increased flow of traffic the volume of accidents was reduced by twenty-eight percent. The record might have been even better had Halifax followed Allen's advice and employed a resident traffic engineer. "Every city of 100 000 people needs at least one full-time traffic engineer," says Allen. Unfortunately only seven Canadian communities today meet this important safety requirement.

8. MAKE ALL TRAFFIC SAFETY AGENCIES WORK TOGETHER. Safety has become the business of many agencies—government departments, police departments, courts, schools, industries and several community organizations. All these groups must work together to avoid overlapping, "underlapping," duplication and ultimately public confusion. At present according to Arch Bryce of the Canadian Highway Safety Conference, "We have no vigorous, well co-ordinated program for highway safety in Canada." Sometimes a local police department or a magistrate decides to crack down on a certain type of offense without preparing the public by enlisting the aid of safety groups and the mass media. The effort usually fails. Some groups persist in conducting their own independent campaigns, more interested in getting publicity and headlines than saving lives," says Bryce.

A lion's share of safety promotion now rests on the shoulders of voluntary organizations. These groups lack adequate resources. The Canadian Highway Safety Conference, for example, has only a handful of men and an annual budget of fifty thousand dollars—mostly contributed by industry—to operate on a national basis. The Quebec Safety League, with a budget of forty-five thousand dollars and the equivalent of a full-time staff of three attempts to promote traffic safety throughout the province.

Safety groups are having trouble attracting active members. Many of the 230 local "safety councils" in Canada are almost inert. "Canadians think that safety is the other person's business," says Reel Leberuil of the Quebec Safety League. According to Arch Bryce, "Some people get interested in safety because they want to run for office, or get established in the insurance business. When they've reached their goal they drop safety like a hot potato."

Whether Canada's annual death and injury traffic toll of 81 572 goes up or down depends largely on the attention given to the safety movement by the public. One outstanding authority, Maxwell Halsey of the Michigan State Safety Commission, feels that Canadians should press their provincial governments to assume responsibility for co-ordinating safety activity. "They're the logical authority," he says. "It won't be an easy job getting everyone to make their maximum contribution but then there's no magic formula, no easy road to traffic safety." ★



I've got a reputation now!

There's a group of us that meets regularly but informally of an afternoon in different homes. When we had a talk by a TV actor, an author of a new book, and listened to an amateur string trio. The interior decorator I had up the other day was most interesting, but what made my reputation was the sherry party that followed.

In a sort of mixed group like this I was afraid that a few might turn up Bright's Canadian 74 Sherry, but not an eyebrow was glass! What really thrilled me were the comments that followed—you'd think I'd made the wine myself. Now I've got a reputation for originality and I started a new fad: sherry parties!





Bright's fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874



Women of Fashion wear

B.F.Goodrich New Koroseal Vinyl Overshoes

so right so dry so highly styled

Extra-strong Koroseal Vinyl is reinforced to help stop even the slimmest heel punching through. So many styles, so many colours, so much more wear. For the look of fashion in overshoes ask for

B.F.Goodrich KOROSEAL VINYL FASHION OVERSHOES



REVOLUTION IN RECREATION ROOMS

Once it was called a rumpus room, suitable for games and parties and as a playroom for the children on rainy days. When the weather cleared and the table-tennis ended, it stood empty — because who wants to stay down in the basement?

But now, says Canadian Homes and Gardens in a special 11-page feature, the recreation room is playing a new role in Canadian home life. Suddenly it's come to be regarded as a second living-room—a place to enjoy hi-fi, to read, to watch TV or just talk. The trick is to make it so nice you think you're upstairs when you're downstairs—and the March issue of CH&G tells you how.

ALSO IN THE MARCH ISSUE:

- Building Editor James A. Knight says "row housing" can change the way you live and give you more house for less money
- Margit Bennett reports from the 1959 furniture marts—the latest news from the world of furniture
- Two travel features—Scenic points along the shores of Lake Erie plus a guide to the stately haunts of Britain

ON SALE FEBRUARY 19 Canadian homes and Gardens

Parade

Legal, tender

Unexpectedly cheerful item amid the usually forbidding legal notices in the Edmonton Journal:

I am responsible for all debts and obligations of my wife Hazel Day both present and future and am more than happy to be the provider for a woman who has borne me three lovely children and with an overabundance of love and care has made the past 18 years of living kindness the nicest years of my life. On this the eve of my eighteenth wedding anniversary I wish to publicly express my gratitude and love.—Russell G. Renne.

* * *

The Canora, Sask., Courier isn't a paper we see regularly and it took a while for this clipping to reach us via a Montreal scout, but its tale of woe still haunts us:

"$10 Reward—To any person or persons that have known me to drink make or sell Home-Brew, especially to the person that convinced the police to search my premises for Home-Brew. I live an honest life and don't sell, make nor drink. So please leave me and my family in peace and don't give any false reports. God bless you."

* * *

The new clerk in an Ottawa government office asked a co-worker where she could find information on a certain subject that she'd been asked to deal with. "Call Mr. Jones on the next floor," she was told. "He used to work here." When she got Mr. Jones on the phone he said he thought he could lay his hands on what she wanted. If she'd just hold the phone a minute. She was still holding when a man burst in the door from the nearby stairs, said excuse me, grabbed



something out of the bottom drawer of her desk and rushed out again. Mr. Jones came back on the phone a moment later with the desired information, but naturally puffing.

* * *

Homesick Nova Scotians all over the continent are being cheered to receive in the mail from friends in the Truro area a real breath from home — a can of "Scotia Breeze." An enterprising Truro restaurateur is getting fifty-nine cents a can for the stuff, complete with a label bearing the Nova Scotia flag and the inscription "Just a whiff of tangy Nova Scotia air—20 fairy ounces size." Read the directions: "Open tin. Mix with a liberal amount of imagination and inhale. Can't you scent the mistiness of salt air, tinge of poverty and fresh cod that's so typical of our beloved province."

* * *

A gentlemanly chap leaving a Toronto department store held the door open for a woman shopper heavily laden with



parcels and was duly thanked. The woman proceeded ahead of him across the vestibule then paused expectantly for him to catch up and open the outside door. He did, she thanked him again and added "Might as well take all the politeness that's going—there ain't too much of it around these days."

* * *

On a clear cool day in Oshawa, Ont., strikers picketing a certain firm were observed by a surprised Parade scout playing hopscotch to keep warm.

* * *

A Charlottetown supermarket that makes a specialty of imported foods advertised a list of goodies from far places that included among other things "hot mustard from Germany, coconut chips from Hawaii, smoked salmon from Sweden, Mango Chutney from India and delicious jelly from Guava."

* * *

The new music teacher at an Ontario private school (we have sworn by our old alma mater's tie not to reveal which one) undertook to organize a boys' band. He became apprehensive however when the headmaster decided the band should make its debut before the bandmaster felt it was ready. Come the big day and his nervousness reached a peak as he tapped the music stand for attention. In sudden despair he hissed at his musicians, "If you don't feel sure of your part just pretend to play." Then he brought his baton down with a magnificent flourish and the entire band gave forth with a crashing silence.

PARADE PAYS $5 TO $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.
Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



*more people tear the labels off Old Vienna than any other lager



Since this spry old Orient Buckboard was spanking new, Mobiloil has been the word for engine protection.

Experienced motorists choose Mobiloil Special or Mobiloil for better performance . . . for over 50 years Canadians have protected their cars' motors with Mobiloil

Mobiloil Special is the multi-grade oil especially designed for modern high-compression engines. It keeps all parts, including hydraulic valve-lifters, super-clean. Gives you more gasoline mileage and split second starting. As well, it reduces wear in every kind of driving, *all year round!*



Mobiloil for better performance from any car, new or old! This is the fine oil that gives you double wear-fighting action. And because it reduces sludging and releases more power, you get quick starting too! *Mobiloil* is available in the correct grades for every Canadian season.

Mobiloil

PRODUCTS OF MOBIL OIL OF CANADA, LTD.,
makers of the "Mobil Oil Family" of modern lubricants

SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
and other leading dealers everywhere